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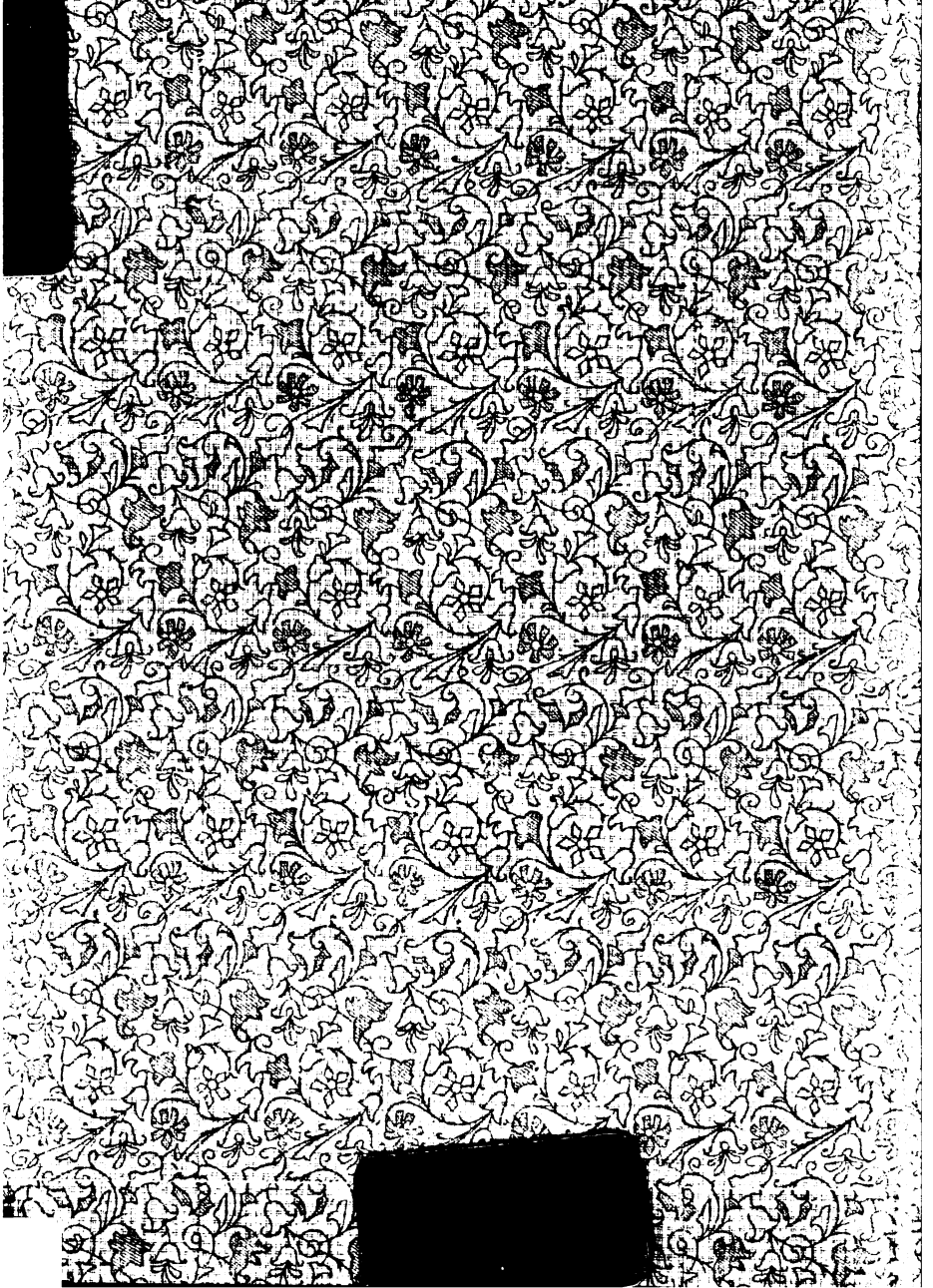
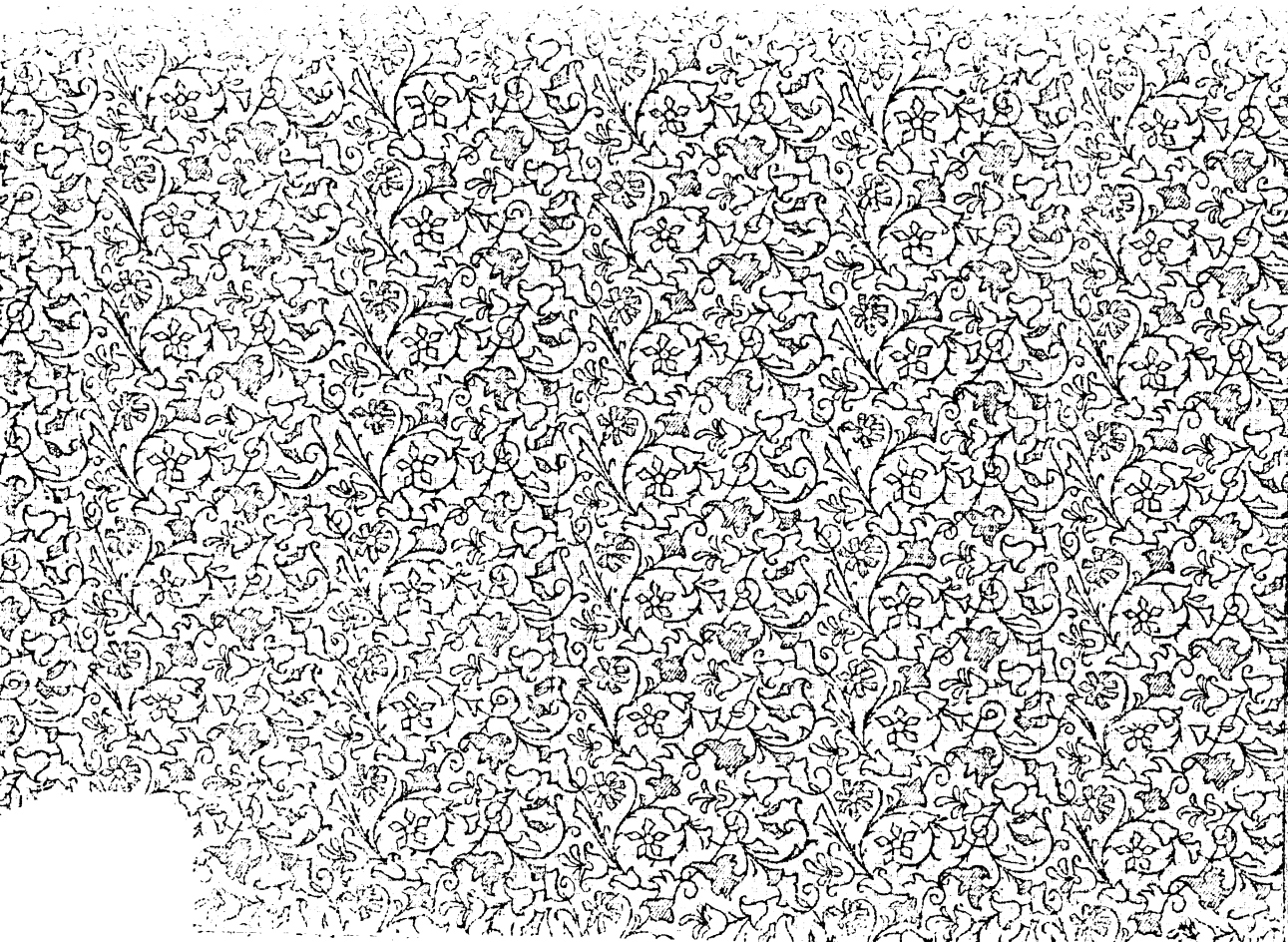
Whitewing

An Indian Story





1. Indians, N. A. - Fiction

A. H.

WHITEWING

AN INDIAN STORY

BY MRS. ALDIN CHAMBERLIN,
CHARLEVOIX, MICH.

The power of loving influence
Will tame both beast and man,
If acts of loving kindness
Reveal the hidden plan.

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1911

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WHITEWING.

CHAPTER I.

FERTILE farms, villages and cities with their electrical achievements, such as telegraph, telephone, phonograph and many other modern wonders, too numerous to mention in so limited a space, now are spread out over the place where in the years of long ago the forest trees roared in the storm, rustled in the breeze or sighed in the gentle zephyr. Where the mother bear and her cubs were often seen, the lean wolf disturbed the echoes of the forest with its hungry bark and the deer's beautiful form and graceful actions were often seen as they glided and gamboled here and there among the trees and wild beauties of the forest. They with the elk and moose roamed and bounded through the deep woodland in such numbers as not to require the protection of the government to keep them from becoming extinct.

Then the white men were scarce; and the red man, tall, straight, brave and swift, were

Given me 30 August 1945

many, dressed in the tanned skins of the wild buck, fringed with strips cut from the tanned skins of the long-haired buffalo, wolf or bear. His head plumed with the feathers plucked from an eagle's wing, and armed with the tomahawk, the bended bow and swift arrows, he roamed through the wild forest to lay the wary game low.

In the midst of this diversity of natural scenery, on the trunk of a fallen tree, with what the poet would call a "babbling brook" at their feet, sat two maidens, hand clasped in hand, the cheek of the fairer one resting against the bosom of the taller and darker one. Thus they leaned toward each other beneath the green arbor formed by the united branches of the two heavily foliaged trees on either side of the occupants of their fallen companion.

From the reclining head there fell a cloud of long black ringlets over the shoulder and partly hiding the otherwise exposed cheek, upon which could be seen the glow of English blood that coursed through her veins, in spite of the tan caused by sun and wind, which added a darker shade to the natural complexion of the beautiful brunette.

The edge of the dark, cloudy tresses lay in little rippling waves around her high, broad forehead, tears trembled on the long, dark lashes that veiled her large, soft, brown eyes, and the sweet, tender, red lips seemed trembling with the emotion of grief or pity. The perfection of feature, combined with the expression of the lovely young face, seemed to be the index of a pure, kind and loving heart.

The taller and darker one sat with head erect, her two dark eyes like two bright stars peering into the dark forest beyond, as if watching for some wild beast that might come and tear from her anxious protection the sweet and confiding one by her side. Then throwing her arm tenderly around the trembling form, and drawing her close to her side, she looked down into the face, and, seeing the tears that had begun to drop on the clasped hands, she said:

"Why so faint-hearted, my sister? Our father would frown to see his daughters weep."

"I know he would, dear sister; and that is one thing makes me weep."

A look of distress, mingled with what

seemed to be a shade of scorn, passed over the dark but rarely handsome face, that seemed quivering with excitement caused by some inward emotion, or else by the expectation of some outward surprise. Then, raising her head and tossing back the veil of long, straight, black hair that had fallen forward, and pushing it back from her face, she seemed gazing away to the far beyond.

They were dressed in wild Indian costume, their neat, shapely feet, not hidden by long skirts, were encased in moccasins made of buckskin and trimmed with various-colored beads. Their leggings and short skirts were made of the softer tanned skin of the doe, and fringed with long-haired strips cut from the tanned skins of the wolf. Their corsage or waist, with its short sleeves, was trimmed with the same kind of fringe and embroidered with various-colored beads in the form of flowers and leaves of the forest. A broad band of stiff buckskin, embroidered likewise, encircled each waist; and another made of the soft skin of the doe, but narrower, also trimmed with the glittering bead embroidery of many colors, with a bright silver star shining in the center, bound back

their midnight tresses. Silver bracelets and other bright jewelry flashed and sparkled in the sunlight, commingled with the softer glow of the strings of wampum shells, as it peered through the canopy of green leaves.

Each had her bow and quiver of arrows—this time for a blind to their watchful mother; for their father, the brave chief of a very great tribe, had taught his daughters to shoot the arrow with unerring aim.

The weeping one raised her tear-stained face, and with her plump, but shapely, bejeweled hand wiped the tears away, and looking in the face of the other, said, "Sister, our father and our brothers are long on the war path."

"Yes; but I think they will soon be coming to the wigwam with the scalps of our enemies hung to their belts; and we must be ready to meet them with joy and smiles, and not with tears."

The soft, sweet Indian name of the tender-hearted and weeping one, when interpreted in the English language, was Whitewing Dove; but she was mostly called Whitewing. The name of the other in English was Wildflower. Some eighty rods distant

from where the maidens were seated, stood the wigwam of the chief where the anxious maidens and mother had prepared everything ready for the reception of the absent braves on their return. For it was many sunrises and sunsets since they marched on the war path with their bows, arrows, tomahawks, scalping knives, war belts and war paint, sounding the war whoop as they hastily marched on.

Day after day the mother and her daughters had anxiously watched for their return; until this day, when Whitewing's heart could contain the pent-up tears no longer; she asked Wildflower to go with her to their accustomed place of retreat, so that the kind-hearted mother might not see her weep. And so the mother sat alone in the door of the wigwam, watching the opening at the edge of the little clearing that surrounded the chief's home. At last, hearing the sound of the warriors returning in the direction she expected them to come, she started to her feet and hastened toward the sound; when lo, she beheld them approaching, led by their brave chief; and hastening to meet them, she took the bloody scalps handed to her by his,

as yet, strong, firm hand. Thus the squaws rejoice to meet their returning braves home from the war path and receive the bloody scalps from their hands with songs, or rather yells, of rejoicing.

But the young men of the chief's household asked in wonder and disappointment why their sisters had not come to meet them with songs and joy. Their mother told them that they had left the wigwam some hours before.

Then the one of lighter complexion, with cheeks flushed and dark brown eyes sparkling with joy at once more being home from the war path, whose name when interpreted was Wildbird, said to the tall, straight, darker one, "Come, brother, we know where to find them."

But the other, whose name when interpreted was Turtle, drew back, with his frowning brow a shade darker; and said: "Is it meet and right that we should go and find our sisters, when they have failed to meet us on our return from fighting and scalping their enemies, when we might have been killed and scalped ourselves?"

Thus the two stalwart young braves,

handsome in spite of the war paint that besmeared their faces in spots, stood looking each other in the face for a few moments, and then Wildbird spoke, saying: "Perhaps our sisters have gone to ask the Great Spirit to bring us safe home to the wigwam and the hunting ground. Come, brother, let us go and see!"

Turtle felt a drawing toward his kind-hearted, good-natured brother, and so yielded to his persuasion; and together they started for the old oak log beneath the green bower and by the silvery brook, where often the four had played together in their wild, free childhood.

Meanwhile, in reply to what Wildflower had said about the scalps, Whitewing said, "O sister! would you take the bloody things in your hands?"

Wildflower cast a wild and almost fierce look on her sister, and said: "Faint-heart, be brave! Would I be so unthankful as to refuse to take in my hands what my brave brothers have risked their lives to bring to my hands? No; I will take them, and rejoice the more if the number be great!"

"Oh, dear sister! do not be angry with

me; for I want to tell you that ever since the last time our father came home from the war path, I have never wanted to see bloody scalps come to our home again. I well remember how mother and you and our brothers rejoiced because he brought so many; while I went out of the wigwam and hid behind a log so no one would see me cry, because you all hate to see tears!"

"Yes! and I remember how angry father was when he missed you, and how he started out to find you. But mother followed him, and they both came in together."

"Ah yes! I can still see the dark frown that was on his face when I came trembling into the wigwam, when it was almost dark. But our dear, kind mother came to me with some water and a cloth, and told me to wash my face and dry it; then, as I went out to throw the water away, she followed me and kissed me, and patting me on the back, said: "Whitewing must not cry any more!" Oh, what a kind, good mother she—"

"List!" interrupted Wildflower. "I hear them! They are coming here! Come, sister, let us haste to meet them!" And heeding not the stepping-stones in the brook, she gave

one wild scream, and with one bound she crossed the stream; and flying as swiftly as her racing feet could carry her along the well worn path, with the veil of long, straight, black hair flowing back in the wind, her slender, shapely, bejeweled hands stretched out to meet the hands of the returning brothers and thus to tell them she was anxious to receive her share of the trophies of war.

Thus she flew along, never once looking back to the almost fainting sister she had left seated on the log. They met, embraced, gave and received kisses of welcome; then each took half the scalps from his belt—the blood scarcely dry on some of them; and presenting them to her, each asked—one with a frown, the other with an anxious expression on his face: "Where is Whitewing, our sister? Why comes she not to welcome us home from the war-path?"

Wildflower replied, "I left her sitting on the log, but told her to come."

At first they seemed inclined to return to the wigwam and leave her to act her own pleasure; but the more forgiving one of the brothers said, "I will go to her."

Wildflower followed; but Turtle stood

tall and erect with a dark frown on his brow, and a look on his face that seemed to indicate that he would like to do something desperate. The two advancing ones walked slowly along, hoping he might follow; and noticing that he began to move doggedly along toward them, they waited for him. Wildflower dearly loved her sweet sister, but still there was something in her nature that made her feel a contempt for tears or timidity; but when it came between her and that sister she loved, she tried hard to control and keep it hidden in her own breast. But she also loved her brothers very much; so, in spite of the love and kindness she felt for her sister, she could not help rejoicing in the thought that her conduct would be far more pleasing to them than Whitewing's conduct.

Turtle overtook them, and they all reached the opposite side of the brook from where Whitewing still sat on the log; and when they approached, she looked like a frightened fawn, her large brown eyes wide open, as if dreading and yet determined to see what might be approaching to frighten or harm her. Her lips parted, displaying

her pearly white teeth; the expression of her whole face was that of some expected dread. But just at the time when her case seemed desperate, as if some good spirit had inspired her with strength, courage and words, she arose to her feet and stepping toward them raised her plump, almost childishly shaped hands skyward over the clear running brook, where the bright western sun caused sparkles and flashes from the bright silver jewelry she wore and that encircled her fair, round arms, also from the silvery star and various-colored beads that adorned the band that held back the beautiful veil of black ringlets that otherwise might have hidden the face that now glowed with the inspiration she felt in her heart and that burned in her brain.

Thus raising her hands she exclaimed, "O brothers! I am so glad to see you safe home from the war; glad that the war path is now the peace path, and glad that you have smoked the pipe of peace. Every sunrise and every sunset in your absence, I have asked the Great Spirit to keep you alive and lead you safe home. But now, dear brothers, I do not like war. So, please do not ask me to take from your hands the bloody scalps;

and when you have washed the war paint (stains) from your faces and removed the scalps from your belts, I will embrace and kiss you."

Wildbird removed the remaining scalps from his belt and reached them to Wildflower, who willingly received them. Then, bending toward the brook, he washed the war paint from his face, and stripping some large leaves from a sapling close by, he wiped the water from his face and beard. Then stepping across the brook, he met his sister in a fond embrace, and they pressed pure fraternal kisses on each other's face. When Whitewing gave the conditions on which she would embrace and kiss them, Turtle drew back in scorn, somewhat as a turtle might recede into its shell. But the lovely and loving scene which he witnessed seemed to melt down his lofty pride and warm his heart into loving his tender-hearted sister. Then he too removed the remaining scalps from his belt, reached them to Wildflower; who took them and placed them with the rest in triumph; as she was then the receiver and bearer of them all. Turtle then bending his tall, straight, manly form over

the clear, sparkling water of the brook, washed the war paint from, and, like Wildbird, took some leaves to wipe his beardless face, and stepped across the brook.

Whitewing met him saying: "Dear brother, do not be angry with your little sister. See, I am not near as tall as Wildflower."

"I know you are not, dear sister," he said; and placing his arm tenderly about her shoulders under her curls, he said, "Are you not going to kiss me?"

"Why, yes," she said, "if you wish me to." He bent his head down to her upturned face, and she returned his very fervent kiss.

Then she knew peace was restored between them; for when she looked up in his face, it was fairly radiant with the expression of love and pleasure.

Then she said: "I am glad you are not angry with me."

He, still keeping his arm around her, led her to a narrow place in the brook, where they crossed and followed Wildbird, who carried the maidens' bows and arrows, and Wildflower, who carried the scalps, but with their unoccupied hands clasped together, had gone on ahead.

When Turtle and his companion approached the clearing, she said, "Do you think our father will be angry with me?"

He said, "Do not meet him with fear, and do not say anything to him about war paint or scalps, and all will be well."

Wildbird and his companion waited at the outskirts of the clearing for the others to join them, and they all entered the wigwam together.

When the old chief saw them, he said, "My daughters have been long in coming to welcome their father home from the war path."

Then Wildflower approached him, scalps in hand, and throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him, saying, "Welcome home again, dear father."

Whitewing approaching him empty-handed, he caught her by the arms and said, "What does this mean? Where are the scalps you should have in your hands when you welcome successful warriors home from the war path?"

She replied, "Do not be angry with me, dear father, for I love you; but I hate war. I am so glad the Great Spirit has kept you

alive and led you safely home; then please let me kiss you in peace; for I hate war."

Then he released her arms, and she, throwing them about his neck, kissed him, and his anger ceased.

CHAPTER II.

THE war being now over, the pipe of peace being smoked, all things settled down into the accustomed self-reliant way of Indian life. For the warriors, now turned to hunters, with their dogs, bows, arrows, tomahawks, scalping knives—implements of war now turned to the use of securing and preparing their daily food—were searching through the forest of the hunting ground for the wary game; which was far more plentiful then than it is in these later years, which—coupled with the fact of unerring aim in the use of the bow and arrow—was the cause of their scarcely ever returning to the wigwam without plenty of game to be eaten or jerked and dried for future use, the skins to be

tanned, made and trimmed by the squaws for clothing—the heavier for the use of the braves, the lighter and softer for the use of the squaws and pappooses; and what remained over, with the addition of mats made of corn husks and other material, served for beds on the floor of the wigwams. But in many ways the chief's household seemed much superior to the common run of the tribe, and even superior to the chieftains and their households of past generations; for there seemed to spring from some hidden source a sweet, loving influence that flowed from heart to heart, pervading their home with some indescribable something they were not able in their untaught state to understand; but still they felt its influence, which sometimes almost over-powered even Turtle's stoical Indian nature. Wildbird's kind good nature and pleasant words often toned down and appeased his brother's rising revengeful passion, while Whitewing's merry laugh and sweet voice in song could drive away every vestige of cloud and make his face fairly radiant with pleasure.

The sisters often made the forest ring with merry laughter while recounting some

of the innocent pastime of their wild, free childhood sports, or when they would sing some sweet tune their mother had sung to them so often in their childhood, till the sound of it was so deeply impressed on their memory that it could never be forgotten. Thus much of the mild season of the year would glide happily away while they were picking berries, carrying water, catching and preparing fish for food, or perhaps shooting at a mark with their bows and arrows; or sometimes in their retreat on the favorite log they would sit staining fish scales various color and stringing them, interspersed with the natural silvery white ones, for ornaments for their neck and arms, thus showing the natural desire of the fair sex for ornamental beauty, but satisfied with the few and simple things that wild nature supplied for that purpose.

They sought the south side of some friendly, sheltering hills for their winter camping grounds. Thus the hills, the surrounding trees, the blankets provided by government, and their camp fires, all combined, afforded them much of the warmth necessary for the comfort of life. But still, consumption—

that great slayer of the Indian race—often marked its victim by adding cold upon cold through the lack of sufficient warmth in the wigwam, and often in exposure to cold and storms while on the hunting chase. Thus year by year many passed away to the happy hunting ground; and as the mighty slayer is no respecter of persons, the great and brave chief was finally laid low by the resistless hand of the mightier than he.

And so, realizing that his life was drawing to a close, he said to his people: "You will soon have no old chief, for the Great Spirit has called me, and I shall have to go to the happy hunting-ground, where the deer and all game on foot will not run away from me, and the game on wing will fly to me, and there will be no cold wind or snowy blizzards, no icy brooks or frozen lakes, where the bark canoe can float in safety and the silvery-scaled fish will sport in its wake, and the trees and grass will ever be green. There will be no cloud and no storm; but the sky will be clear and blue, and the sun will shine bright and warm. Then, my people, think of me in the happy hunting-ground, and see me young, straight, brave and swift once

more. Live in peace among yourselves, and trust in my son Turtle, who will then be your young chief."

Then to Turtle, he would say, "Be brave, my son; and watch for the enemies of your tribe; let none come upon you unawares; and don't let the white man steal your hunting-grounds from you. And when you take a squaw to your wigwam, may she be as kind and true to you as mine has been to me."

To Wildbird he said, "My son, be brave and strong; be the right hand of your brother chief, and let no jealousy come between you. And when you take a wife, may she be loving and true, like your sister Whitewing."

"Wildflower, my daughter," he said, "you should be the squaw of a great chief; for you are tall, straight and graceful like the young trees of the forest; your long, black hair waves and floats in the wind like the long, slender branches of the willow by the brook. May the scalping knife never tear it from your head. Your eyes are like two bright stars that can pierce deep into the dark forest to watch for the enemy; your teeth are like the white pebbles washed by the waves

of the lake; your feet can run swiftly to meet the warriors home from the war path; your hands would willingly stretch forth to receive the scalps of your enemies, for you are brave and strong-hearted; but may you ever be kind to those who are kind to you!"

But what he said to Whitewing was different; for his words were: "My daughter, youngest and tenderest of all, you are too soft-hearted; you weep too much and too often; you would take the courage out of the heart of the braves with the soft, pitying look in your large, tear-bedewed eyes, your trembling red lips and your fair, quivering chin. A strong-hearted brave would scorn to wed a tear-stained face; and I would not have you wed a soft heart that would not protect your beautiful scalp with its curls like the curling smoke from the pipe of peace. Therefore take courage, my daughter, and try to win a brave, strong heart."

To which she would reply: "My father, I do not wish to wed; I would rather go with you to the beautiful, happy hunting-ground you have told us about, and be with you where the flowers will never fade; where the beautiful birds are so tame they would come

to me on their beautiful wings and the robins would always sing as they do here sometimes when the sun shines after the summer shower; the squirrels would come and eat out of my hand; where the berries are plenty and always ripe; where the porcupine's quills are all colors, and I would embroider your canoe with them like the flowers and leaves of the forest. And there, father, I would not have to try to be brave; for there will be no war nor bloody scalps there, and so I would not be afraid, have to weep, or try to be brave."

Thus she would talk to him until—to him—a nameless something within his heart would almost persuade him that she was right.

He said to his aged squaw: "You will not be long behind me. As the warriors follow their chief in the war path and encourage him by their willing help, so you have followed close to me in the long war path of life and encouraged me by your kind and willing help; but I must soon leave you to tread the war path alone. I will watch for you to its end; on the peace path I will meet you with joy, as you have often met me on

my return from the war. But, as our Whitewing says, there will be no bloody scalps for me to receive; and perhaps that will be the cause of greater joy. For many moons you have seemed changed; the change has made you seem higher, nobler, someway better than the squaws of our tribe; while you have been just as brave as when you were young, you have been kind and patient. Be kind to me still when I am dead; and bury with me my best dog, bow, arrows, tomahawk, scalping knife and all things I will need on the happy hunting-ground."

In talking thus to his family he spent some of the weary, waiting, suffering time. Accordingly one calm, hazy, Indian summer day he was conversing with his daughters about his departure, while the mother was taking her rest in sleep after watching beside the chieftain's bed all night, and the young braves were on the hunting chase for the winter's supply of meat. Whitewing sat near the head of the bed of skins and mats on the floor, holding her father's hand, Wildflower near the foot, embroidering a moccasin. Naught was heard to disturb the peaceful quiet of the autumn day but the gentle

breeze rustling the leaves in the treetops and the crickets' merry chirrup at their foot, when all at once Wildflower gave a wild scream that echoed far into the forest, and sprang to her feet and away from the bed.

At the same moment Whitewing was on her feet, and seeing a large rattlesnake at the back of the bed coiled ready for a spring, she like a flash seized a tomahawk that hung above her head, and bringing it down upon the reptile just as it was about to make a spring, she cut it in two; and seeing the part retaining the head making toward the head of the almost dying chief, she took the handle of the weapon and slung it out of the wigwam; and when she had killed it, she took it in, exclaiming, "This is the kind of scalps I like to take."

When order and quiet were restored and the chief had become composed, he said, "I am glad, my Whitewing, that I have seen you do one brave act before I go to the happy hunting-ground."

"Why, father," she said, "I have killed many of them. But what made this seem so awful was because it was so near you, now you are not able to defend yourself."

Shortly after this event the young hunters arrived with a goodly supply of venison and skins to gladden the poor old chief's heart, who was just able faintly to welcome them home; and before the next day his spirit took its flight to the happy hunting-ground, there to learn that he would never need his best dog or any of his hunting implements,

As there would be no flesh to kill,
And there no crimson blood to spill.

However, they buried him according to his request and according to their Indian custom. The burial ceremony being over, there soon followed another, that of the tribe receiving and acknowledging their new young chief. After which the maidens of the tribe were anxious to attract his attention, seeming to wish he might choose one of their number to share with him the honors of the chieftainship; but he, being satisfied with the company of his—to him—beautiful sisters, seemed noway inclined to notice their attractions. But, contrary to the usual conduct of young Indian braves, he was very thoughtful for and attentive to his aged mother; and Whitewing sometimes said 'to him that when their mother went to the hap-

py hunting ground, she might tell their father of their kindness to her. Thus they lived on in their monotonous Indian life, performing each simple duty, and not expecting anything better, were satisfied with the result of their efforts.

CHAPTER III.

But at length a change came to them in the form of a mission; and a missionary was sent to them, not as they are sent to foreign countries now, in ships loaded

> With one preacher—p'r'aps one more,
> And whiskey barrels by the score.

A school was started, and the mother squaw was very anxious that all her young people should attend and learn to talk like the white man before she died. At first Wildflower and Whitewing went to please her; but soon they became very much interested and anxious to learn the white man's language. Whitewing learned it very quickly, and she helped her sister in her efforts to learn. After a time the sisters persuaded Wildbird to go with them. At first it seemed too insig-

nificant to him, and he would gladly excuse himself to go with Turtle on the hunting or fishing excursions; but on his return he would go to school a few times to please his sisters, until at length he became interested and anxious to learn the language himself. And then his sisters assisted him all they could; and as they learned it by books, they learned to read also.

But there seemed to be no use in trying to persuade Turtle to go with them; for whenever they mentioned it to him, he drew himself from their wish as a turtle might recede into its shell when anything annoyed it. But at length, on account of their school and other duties, his sisters had but very little time to spend with him, or in the way that best suited him. So he began to be jealous, and accused them of being soft-hearted like the white man, and said that Whitewing and the white man would soon weep over a dead butterfly. However, in spite of all his resistance, he could not help learning some of the language, as they often made use of it at home among themselves.

The mother was very pleased to have them speak it, and also at their telling her

about the good white man they read about, who cured sick people, fed hungry people, and was good and kind to everybody who needed his kindness, and who was brave, for without bow, arrows, tomahawk or scalping knife, and only with a stick and some small cords tied to it he drove a whole tribe of enemies out of his Father's very large wigwam. Notwithstanding Turtle's scornful mien, toward the way his brother and sisters were conducting themselves, deep down in his heart he loved them dearly; but especially did he love Whitewing with her sweet confiding ways which drew on his natural disposition to wish to protect some loved object. And added to that, the many acts of her gentle kindness toward them all, but especially toward his aged mother, caused him to love her more than he could express; and often when in her presence some subtle aura or sweet influence seemed to pervade the atmosphere, and melt down or draw him from the hard crusted shell that he would fain encase himself in, and gloried in calling brave courage. But when the loving influence would penetrate to his very heart, it almost convinced him that her nature and her ways

were superior to his own or those of any of his tribe. One day, while walking leisurely in the woods between the school and the wigwam, he chanced to see the young missionary walking by the side of Whitewing; and they were talking very earnestly to each other. So, hiding (Indian fashion) behind a tree, he watched them as they stood a little distance from him to talk to each other a few moments. Then they separated to go each their own way.

And he, hastily stepping out from his hiding-place, overtook her before she reached the little clearing around their home, and laid his hand on her shoulder. She gave a little scream and jumped away; but on turning and seeing it was her brother, she drew close to him, and leaning her head against his broad, manly breast, she exclaimed, "Oh! I thought it was Black Bear; he is always trying to follow me everywhere I go, when he finds me alone."

Throwing his arm tenderly around her, he said, "Faint-hearted little sister, come sit with me on this log; for I must talk to you. You do not love Black Bear then?"

"No; I would like to be like the good

white man that we read about in the good book, who loved everybody; but I am not like him, and so I do not love many beside the dear ones in my own home."

"Am I not right in guessing that one of the few you do love outside of your own home is the white-man missionary?"

"I try to love him, because I think he is good and is trying to tell me how to be good and do some good before I die. He says we should all try to do some little good every day for somebody or something the Great Good Spirit, our Father, has made, and some days we may have a chance to do some great good."

"I guess the great good he would like to have you do for him some day, would be to go to his wigwam to cook his venison and make his moccasins; but he is soft-hearted, and would run away and let the enemy's cruel knife tear the scalp with its long, soft curls from your beautiful head. But Black Bear has a strong, brave heart, and would fight long and hard to protect you from the tomahawk and scalping knife."

"Why, my dear brother," she interrupted, "the white man has never said aught to

me of such things; nor do I believe he has thought of them."

"If he has not spoken such words to you, he will sometime; but I am not willing he should have you, my dear sister. I would rather give you to Black Bear; he"—

"Please do not give me to anyone. I am contented to stay with and care for our dear mother in our own wigwam."

"You will not always feel willing to stay with us; after our aged mother has gone to the happy hunting ground, it will be different. I often notice how kindly and patiently you care for her in her old age."

"Why should I not do so? She has always been good and kind to me; and something—I cannot tell what it is—seems to make me love her and do everything I can for her. But we are staying away from her too long; so, let us go."

They arose, and Turtle, with his arm still around her, drew her close to his side and said, "Then you do not wish me to give you to anyone?"

"No;" she replied, "I do not wish to wed anyone."

"Well, then, I will keep you, as long as

you wish to stay. Let us each seal the promise with a kiss."

Then their lips met; hers laden with the sweet, pure kiss of sisterly love, his with kisses more ardent and passionate than a brother's, but speaking the words, "my dear sister," while his heart said, as it had often said before, "O that she were not my sister!"

They walked hand in hand to the wigwam, to find the mother anxiously awaiting her daughter's home-coming.

CHAPTER IV.

Two years after the school was established, that terrible scourge, the small-pox, made its appearance on the outskirts of the camping ground formed by the great tribe that lived peacefully under the reign of Turtle, the young chief. Consequently the school closed, and the missionary was discharged; but feeling that he still had a duty to perform toward the people among whom he had lived so many months, he sought an interview with the young chief and explained the nature of the disease, and told him the

best thing they could do was to have a certain place for all who had been exposed to stay in, on penalty of severe punishment if they disobeyed, and he would send for vaccine and apply it himself; to which the chief willingly agreed.

The aged squaw mother was greatly alarmed; not for herself, for she had been brought to death's door by the same dreadful and loathsome disease, and knew it would never again fasten its fangs upon her. But she feared for her young people, and begged them not to go outside the little opening around their wigwam. But the hunters had to go on the chase for the winter's supply of meat; therefore when the vaccine came, it was applied to their arms, and not waiting to notice the effect, but led by their chief and his brother, they started on the hunt, to secure a supply for their families in case they should be laid low by the worse than human foe.

Meantime the good young missionary was receiving and applying the vaccine himself, and teaching some of the people how to use it. And besides that he went among the sick, caring for them, and explaining to those

who had once been victims of the fell destroyer that they need not fear, but could go too and care for their sick friends. But it was a fearful time and an awful scene; many sick, many dying, and all fearing the unseen foe that stalked among them by night and by day. The braves—so willing, swift and courageous to meet the wild beasts of the forest and their foes in human form, would fain have shrunk away, fearing and trembling, from the presence of the mighty unseen slayer.

But the good missionary, taking every precaution possible for his own safety, and the safety of those with whom he might come in contact after attending the sick, went about among them, helping, advising, encouraging, comforting and doing all the good that lay in his power. At length the hunters returned from the chase with a good supply of meat and skins; and as the Indian corn was stored away for the winter's use, starvation was not thought of. The chief and his hunters heard of the brave kindness of the missionary on every side; and Whitewing said to Turtle, "You, my brother, will not call him soft-hearted any more; for I

know you have too much noble goodness in your heart to refuse to acknowledge such brave kindness."

To which he replied: "Does my sweet sister wish me to give her to the white-man missionary now, that he may prove his bravery in another way by protecting her beautiful scalp from the knife?"

Then she anxiously said: "Has he asked you for the gift? If so, please tell him that my mother is still living and I cannot leave her. And did we not seal our contract with our kisses, my brother?"

Then he, fondly throwing his arm about her, drew her close to his yearning heart, and pressing warm kisses on her beautiful brow, fringed with the little jetty waves of her midnight tresses, he said, "Yes, my dear sister, and we will keep it sacred as long as you wish."

Through the good advice of the missionary and his good management, the scourge did not spread through all the settlement or village; and although it carried very many over to the happy hunting ground, yet many escaped even coming in contact with it. Consequently, after some weeks it began to sub-

side; and when spring returned, it had entirely disappeared. But still the young missionary lingered among them, hoping the school and mission might be re-established. And it was easily understood by those interested in Whitewing why he was so willing to stay; for they could see that he was very much in love with her, she herself being the only one unconscious of such intentions in the many little acts of kindness bestowed upon her by this same young man. For, knowing nothing of the ways of what is called society, but reared a child of nature amidst the children of the forest, and surrounded by the free, simple and easy ways of nature, she received every token of love as a matter of course, believing it came from the fountain of pure unselfishness, such as flowed to her from the unselfish fountain of eternal love, and again flowed from her own kind and sympathetic heart, in a greater or less degree toward all with whom she came in contact.

One manifestation of the missionary's great interest in her was his anxious solicitude for her to obtain an education. For many moons past the aged squaw mother had noticed that her son Turtle had looked sad,

and as though he was losing the bravery that he was so proud of.

So one day she called him to her and said, "My son, your father will not have to wait much longer before he will welcome me home to the happy hunting ground; but, before I go, I wish to know why you look sad, and why you seem to be losing the brave courage of your young heart."

To which he replied: "My mother, I am glad you have asked me these questions, for I have long wished to talk to you about things your questions lead to. But I wish to ask you some things before I answer you. One thing is, why is Whitewing's hair so different from the other maidens' hair? and why is she so much handsomer than any of the rest of the maidens? and why does Wildbird look more like the white man than like me? And now to answer your question is to say that I am sad because Whitewing is my sister. It seems as though I never could bear to let any other one have her; but what right have I to withhold her from anyone who might win her? Now, mother, will you answer my questions?"

"Yes, my son, but not today."

CHAPTER V.

WILDFLOWER chanced to overhear the conversation between Turtle and his mother, and was very much interested; for she had often secretly wondered and asked herself the self-same questions. But the moons came and went several times before they were destined to have their wondering anxiety satisfied. At length one stormy night the missionary sought the wigwam of the chief, to consult him on something of importance to the tribe. The mother being always glad to see him, seemed doubly so this time, and told Whitewing to let him know that she wished him to stay with them all night. To which he willingly consented; for the already tearing storm was increasing in its wild fury; and besides, he was not at all loath to stay where he could see and admire the beautiful and gentle Whitewing.

When they had partaken of their simple supper of venison and hominy, the aged squaw requested her children to come near and listen to what she had to say to them. They all gathered around in front of her,

Turtle first and Whitewing by his side, Wildflower next and Wildbird by her side, and the missionary a little distance from them, but where he could see the expression of each face, he too being an interested listener to what followed, as the squaw mother proceeded to say:

"My children, your father will not much longer have to watch for me; he will soon meet and welcome me home to the new and beautiful happy hunting ground. 'Tis better thus; for I am no longer able to pound the corn, dress the skin, make and carry the mokuk, or make the beaded moccasin.

"But Wildbird and Whitewing, I have a long story to tell you before I die. Many, many moons ago, the braves were away on the hunting chase, and I was alone in the wigwam with my two pappooses, Turtle and Wildflower; and many sunrises and sunsets I watched for the hunters' return, till the meat and corn were all gone. Then I took my little ones in the mokuk on my back, and went through the deep snow and into the storm in search of food. The day was short, and it was soon dark: then the storm increased, until it was as bad as it is tonight.

The blinding snow blew into my face and eyes, but still I marched on through the trackless snow into the early dark night; and at last I saw a light, and keeping it straight in my face, I marched on till I got to it.

"Then I found it was a white man's wigwam, and was afraid to go in, but was so tired and hungry I fell down at the door. The white man opened the door and took hold of me and helped me in, and took the pappooses off my back. And the pretty little white squaw took hold of my hand and led me to the fire and gave me something to sit on. Then she took my two little ones and warmed them both, and gave us all something warm to eat, and made a place on the floor where we could sleep, and we were warm all night. In the morning they got up before it was light. I was awake, but I did not want to get up; for I could hear it was storming hard, and I thought they would want me to go away. So I lay still, to let my pappooses sleep as long as they would; and I watched to see how the white folks act in their wigwams. They cooked and ate their breakfast by the light of a little torch in a long, straight, hollow thing like a stick.

"And then the white brave got a book (like the one in which you, Whitewing, read to me, about the good white man, Son of the Great Spirit), and he read in it. And then they both sang something. The squaw's voice was very sweet. When they stopped singing, they got down on their knees and said something. By that time a little laughing boy I had not seen before, was brought out of a bed in the corner. Then his mother washed and wiped his face and hands, brushed his hair, and then kissed his sweet, clean face.

"By that time my children, Turtle and Wildflower, were awake. Then I had to get up, for I could not keep still any longer, and so I took you toward the fire. The white squaw looked up, and smiling on me, took me by the hand and led me to some warm water in a dish, and showed me a cloth. I knew what she wanted me to do, for I had seen her wash and wipe her own face; so I did the same as I had seen her do. Then she gave me something to draw through my hair, as I had seen her do to her own hair. Then getting clean warm water, she washed your little faces and hands, brushed your hair, then gave

each of you a kiss; and that, my children, went right to my heart, and O how I loved her after that! Then she got us something good and warm to eat. After we had eaten all we could, I got the mokuk to put you in. She took it away from me, led me to the fire and gave me a thing to sit on; then pointing out to the storm, she took your little hands and made them shake as they did when we first got there, before she got you warm.

"It stormed three days and nights, but they kept us and fed us all the time. And every sunrise she gave me warm water to wash my face and yours, and what she called a brush and comb to fix our hair with. The white man was very kind to us; and when the storm was over, they gave us bread and meat to take to my wigwam. And the white squaw gave me some cloths to wipe your faces on, and a thing to pull through our hair. I thanked her in our own language, and took hold of her hand and tried to make her know that I loved her. She pressed my hand and smiled on me so sweetly, kissed both of your little clean faces, and then I went away.

"The next day I returned alone with

some venison, for the hunters had arrived with a good supply. And many times I went to see my white friends; and when the bright, warm spring came, I took my little ones with me, and they used to play with the little white pappoose. When the long days and the high sun came, another little pappoose came to the white man's wigwam, a little girl; and I often went to hold it and kiss it, for I loved the white squaw's little ones, and I was always so happy when I was with my white friend, for she always smiled on me and was so kind to me.

"One day when many moons had gone and the little pappoose girl could walk, I was there and the white squaw gave me a paper that I have always kept here in this little birch mokuk;" and accompanying her words with the act of opening the repository of her treasure, she handed a neatly folded paper to the attentive missionary, who carefully perused the contents; and with the aid of Whitewing as interpreter, he explained to them that the writing told of a James and Martha Kanson who sailed from England in the ship Victory, July 2, 1650, and that it also said cleanliness is next to godliness.

Then he handed the paper back to her, and she continued her story by saying: "I often watched the white squaw fix her pappoose's hair in long curls, but I never could make my pappoose's hair curl like the smoke from their father's pipe of peace. Many times I took my friend berries, venison, bear meat or hominy; for she often gave me things to eat or use. When another winter and summer had gone, and the leaves began to fall, some of the white men killed some of the ponies of our tribe. Then the braves put war paint on their faces, sang their war songs, danced the war dance, and sounded the war whoop. For they were angry and jealous of the white man for stealing their hunting ground, cutting down the sheltering trees, shooting the game, and now killing their horses; and so they marched on the war path. And my heart shook like the leaves in the storm for my dear white friends."

At mention of all these warlike preparations, Turtle, Wildbird and Wildflower looked pleased. Wildflower's bright eyes seemed almost to emit sparks of fire; but poor Whitewing clasped her hands and pressed her almost pallid lips tight together, to keep

the pent-up sigh from escaping to annoy her brothers and sister, who she knew were enjoying that part of their mother's story. But Turtle, looking down on the pale face by his side, placed his arm lovingly around the almost trembling form, and drawing her close to him, she hid her face on his broad breast; and with his other hand he tenderly caressed the beautiful soft waves and ringlets that surrounded her gracefully formed head and shoulders. And the sweet confidence she manifested under his protecting care seemed to disarm and overpower the uprising of the revenge he began to feel toward the white enemies of his tribe in the past.

All these various looks and actions the observing missionary noticed, as the aged mother continued her narrative by saying: "As soon as I could leave my wigwam and pappooses and dared to venture to the white settlement, I flew as fast as my feet could carry me to the wigwam of my white friends. But, oh! when I got there, it was nothing but ashes and smoke. I went round and round it, a little further from it every time, to see if I could find any of my dear friends; and about ten (holding up all her

fingers) long steps in the corn I found the white brave and his squaw, both dead, and their beautiful scalps of black curly hair torn off. O, my children! I cannot tell you how bad I felt.

"But soon I thought, 'O where are the beautiful pappooses, the little boy and girl?' Then something, I cannot tell what, but some sweet thing came over me, such as I used to feel when the white squaw smiled on me. And I began to search again, but it seemed of no use. So I turned to run swiftly to my own little ones, when my eye caught sight of a hollow sycamore log that my pappooses had often hid in when playing there; and I noticed a piece of wood was put up to the end of it. I hastened to look in, and there I found the two little ones alive, but softly weeping and whispering to each other. But when they saw me, they smiled and came toward me. So I took the little girl in my arms, as I had seen her mother do; and pushing the boy back, I made him understand—as I had done many times before—that I would come back. Then I hurried home, and leaving the little girl in a hiding-place, I hastened back for the boy, and tak-

ing him on my back (as I had sometimes done to please him), I carried him home as fast as I could, taking care to keep out of the way of the braves, and then to hide them even from my own pappooses.

"But when I could hide them no longer, I told my brave chief all about the good white people who had been so kind to me and to our little ones, and how I loved them. And I told him about their two little ones who never had done anyone any harm, any more than our Turtle and Wildflower had. And then I told him how I had found them, and that I wanted to keep them and care for them just as we did for our own little ones.

"At first he was angry and said with a frown: 'What kind of a squaw are you to harbor our enemies' pappooses? Would you feed and warm the rattlesnake till his rattles grew, that he might bite and poison the heels of our children when we are gone? Bring them and let me take their scalps!'

"O my children! my legs and arms shook like the branches of the trees in a great storm!"

Whitewing, still nestling close to Turtle, gave a start and put her hand over her

face to hide the tears that she could no longer keep back. Turtle seemed grappling with conflicting emotions, glorying in what seemed to him his father's good and brave judgment, and still yearning to comfort the loved one by his side, as his mother still went on to tell them that she told the father that he must take her scalp off before he should take off the scalps of the little ones she had hid.

But he said: "Bring them forth, that I may see them."

Then she said: "I had washed their little faces and brushed their pretty curly hair, and so I took one in each hand and tremblingly led them to him. The boy walked up straight and fearless, and the little girl looked up at him and smiled. He turned away. I went to him, and putting my hand on his shoulder said: 'May I keep them?'

"He said: 'I will tell you when the new moon comes.'

"And so I hid them no longer, and the four little ones played together, as they had many times before; and I kept all their little faces clean and their hair brushed; and I watched to see if the father was pleased or

angry with them; and I knew he watched to see if I loved the white ones more than I did our own. When the moon was getting old, I could see he looked pleased at the little boy; he was so brave, and would fight the little braves of the tribe when they took his bow and arrows; but he was always kind to them when they did him no wrong.

"When the new moon came, the chief said: 'I do not like the plan of keeping these pappooses, but I see your heart is bent on them, and you have always been a good faithful squaw to me; and so, if you do not love them any more than you love ours, they may play, eat and sleep with ours.'

"Then my heart was glad, for I knew what the brave chief said was law. But thinking they would want to go to their own white tribe when they grew big, I named the little girl Whitewing Dove, (At mention of the name, all the listeners gave a little start; but not as much as they would, had not the story almost given their identity); and the boy I named Wildbird, for I wanted to give them wings; so if they wanted to go, they could fly swiftly past all enemies they might meet. And I added Dove to Whitewing's

name because she was so gentle and kind. Her sweet, pleasing ways soon found the kind spot in the father's heart; and he learned to love her. Not many moons after that, we left that hunting ground and lodge, and went far away toward the sunset. And now, Whitewing, in this mokuk you will find things that your own mother gave to me; and I have saved them for you. Some of the soap and cloths she gave me I have used to wash and wipe you all; and the combs, brushes and glass you have so long used she gave to me; and there is one of each still left."

Saying which she handed the mokuk toward Whitewing, who seemed unwilling to take it; so Turtle took it and set it near her side. Then the aged squaw ceased to speak; and casting an anxious and sorrowful look on each of her children, who still remained seated and silent on the skins spread on the floor of the wigwam, she seemed to think she had severed the strong tie of love that had bound her family together so long. Whitewing's face being hid, partly by the veil of black ringlets drooping over her downcast head, and partly by the caressing

hand of Turtle, she did not see the sad expression on the mother's face.

But Turtle, bending his face down to her, whispered something that caused her to raise her head from his breast, throbbing not only with a burning love for her now, but also with a new-found joy and hope; and looking into the poor, sad face of the squaw, she slipped softly away from his fond embrace, and drawing near to the aged one, she kissed the clean but dark, wrinkled face, saying: "Do not look so sad, my dear mother. Your Whitewing will not spread her white wings and leave you, but keep them close-folded to her side, and stay with you, and love and care for you as you have loved and cared for her. I cannot tell what it is, but oh! something so sweet makes me love you and wish to do everything I can to make you happy. Oh, what can it be!"

And turning to the almost forgotten missionary, she said: "Can you tell me? Is it the Great Spirit? or is it the spirit of the good white man that he said he would send to comfort his friends?"

He replied: "It is certainly some good spirit that sends the sweet, loving influence to

you; and all good spirits are influenced by the Great Good Spirit."

CHAPTER VI.

THE aged mother was comforted by the loving kindness of Whitewing. But there still seemed an anxious expression on her face. Then Whitewing said to Wildbird, who sat as if lost in deep thought:

"Wildbird, my brother, have you no word of comfort for our kind, good mother?"

At which he aroused and shook himself as it were out of a deep study, and rising, he stepped toward her; and taking her hand, he said:

"Thank you, dear mother, for all your kindness to me; and do not think I shall ever spread my wild-bird wings to fly from my enemies or from you."

But still she looked uneasy, and said: "I have something more to say, but I do not know how to say it to you. But take your places again, my Whitewing and Wildbird,

and perhaps I will get courage to say it."

When they were seated side by side as before, she began by saying: "It was not your father's hand that took the scalps from the heads of my white friends, but I never stopped searching for those who did until I found them; and I knew those beautiful scalps as soon as I saw them. Then, with my bracelets, the silver star on my hair band, and all the jewelry that a chief's squaw should wear, I bought them."

And feeling beneath the edge of the skin on which she sat, she drew forth another small mokuk; and reaching it to Wildbird, she said: "I have kept them for you; if you wish to see them, you will find them in there."

Again Whitewing's pale face and trembling form caused Turtle to draw her close to his side, and again she hid her face on his breast (that beat once more with conflicting emotions) and behind the cloud of ringlets. Wildbird took out the scalps of beautiful, black, curly hair—one in long ringlets just like Whitewing's, the other in short crispy curls. As he looked at them, a terrible expression came into his face. He looked at

Whitewing, as if he wanted her to see them. Turtle bent his head and whispered to her. She shook her head and whispered: "Not now."

Then Wildbird, as if knowing what it meant, replaced the scalps and shut the mokuk. Hearing a stir and feeling Turtle give a start, Whitewing raised her head just in time to see Wildbird and Wildflower standing and he was rudely jerking himself away from the hand she had coaxingly placed upon his arm, not even deigning to look on the pleading face she raised to him. Starting to her feet, Turtle and the missionary doing the same, Whitewing stepped up to him and said: "Do not be angry, my brother!"

Then he said: "Have I not been taught revenge?"

Turtle replied: "It was not our father's hand that took those scalps."

To which he made answer: "If our white tribe had killed and scalped your father and mother, what would you do! When for a few ponies killed, your tribe put on their war paint and war belts, sang their war songs, danced their war dance, and marched on the war path, sounding the war whoop,

and killed, scalped, and burned the wigwams of our white tribe, and now when I see the scalps of my own father and mother, you want me to be quiet and seek no revenge!"

Then the missionary stepped up nearer to him and said: "Wildbird, listen to what the Great Spirit says in the good book! For he says: 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay.' And his vengeance is to do good for evil; as Jesus, the good Son of the Great Spirit, told the white tribes to do, so they could teach the Indians to do the same."

"The mother speaking to Turtle, he helped her to her feet, and leading her nearer to him, she said: "Listen to me once more, my Wildbird!"

Then he gave her attention, and she said: "I watched for them for you; and the hands that took those scalps have long been cold in death. He was one of the few who left our tribe and joined the enemy, the last time you marched on the war path; and his scalp with the scar across the top of the forehead dangled in your war belt when you came home, and his young braves died with the small-pox. But do not let that make your

young heart glad, for your mother's sweet smile would not come into her beautiful face for such things."

Then Whitewing said: "O brother! do not be angry; but let that sweet something come to you which comes to me so often and makes me wish to love and be kind to everybody."

Then it was seen by the expression of Wildbird's face that the natural kindness of his disposition was flowing into and overflowing his noble, manly heart. And sweet peace being restored, the mother and her daughters sought their rest in the corner of the wigwam behind the screen of skins, the men lying down to listen to the raging storm, and to think of the many things they had heard that might change their hopes and fears in the future, and to get some rest in sleep if they could. After the mother had relieved her mind of the burden it had carried so long, she seemed to be ready and anxious to go to the happy hunting ground; but the loving, watchful care of Whitewing appeared to have the effect of retaining her longer on the earth. And as far as the connection between the mother and her children was con-

cerned, things went on about the same as usual.

But not so among the young people; for between them there had arisen a difference. The free current of brotherly and sisterly love in all except Whitewing had suddenly ceased its tender and gentle flow. She saw no difference; they were the same dear brothers and sister to her as they ever had been. But Wildflower was shy of Wildbird, partly because she knew he was no longer her brother, and partly because she thought he must be angry with their tribe and with herself because she belonged to the tribe. And he gave her some reason to think so; for he scarcely noticed any of them except the mother and Whitewing, whose gentle, winning persuasion after a time brought him to see that the way of peace and love was the way to be happy. Then his stern indifference toward his foster brother and sister began to melt away, and a new kind of friendship began to spring up among them. And considering that he knew very little of the white tribe's ways, and that if he went to them, he would have no friends among them, he desired to stay with those who looked up-

on him as their equal, at least, if not their superior.

And it occurred to him about that time that a change had come amongst them; the family had got all mixed up, and he felt that something must be done to make things right again; but what was it to be? He finally thought that he must have a wigwam of his own, and some one to pound his corn, cook his venison, dress the skins and make his moccasins. So he began to look on the maidens of the tribe; but all seemed so inferior to those whom he had loved and caressed as sisters, that he could not feel the least desire to take any one of them in his arms and kiss her as his bride.

Meantime there seemed to be a great change in Wildflower; instead of the bright, sparkling eye, there was a sad, anxious look; and sometimes the thick, black lashes were suspiciously wet, as if tears had trembled on them and made their escape. And instead of the merry laugh and cheerful song, there was occasionally a long-drawn sigh.

The aged mother, noticing these tokens of sadness, would question her daughter as to the cause; but she would give some eva-

sive answer and betake herself away to some retired nook to think by herself. One day Wildbird, sauntering through the woods, surprised her in one of these thinking moods; and she, starting to her feet, was going to run like the wild deer from the hunter. But he made a spring toward her and caught her by the arm; then putting his hand under her chin, he raised the tear-stained face she was trying to hide.

"What! tears?" he said, "Ah, now I know why you were trying to run from me. You were afraid I would see you weep." At this the tears flowed still faster.

The sight of those flowing tears caused a great change in his feelings toward her. He thought: "Is this the maiden who boasted and was so proud of her bravery, and scorned to shed a tear?" Her wild courageous ways had created a sort of wild, joyous, brotherly love within his young and boyish heart; but of late many new, various, and conflicting thoughts had seemed to paralyze that love. But now, for a moment, as he caught her by the arm, it revived; but only for a moment, for the sight of those flowing tears washed it away, and made room for a

sweeter, tenderer, more sympathetic love, which flowed into what was now his manly heart.

And so, placing an arm tenderly around her waist, he led her to the trunk of a fallen tree; and seating her thereon, he sat down by her side, and drawing her close to him, he said: "Why do you weep, my sister?"

The only reply she could make at first was tears and sobs; but at length gaining her self-control, she raised her head, and tossing back the veil of long, straight, black hair that had fallen forward in spite of the beaded band, and wiping her tear-stained face with a cloth Whitewing had given her, she rose to her feet, and standing before him she said: "You call me sister, but you know I am not your sister. When I thought you were my brother, I could receive your kisses and embraces with pleasure, because I thought they belonged to me equally with Whitewing. But now I know they do not belong to me, any more than they do to any other maiden of the tribe. And I weep because I am sad and lonely for the brotherly attention I have so long been used to receiving. Turtle seems to have forgotten that he has a

sister. Whitewing is always hovering around our mother whenever she can spare the time from other things she has to do, and I have no claim on your company any more; and so I am alone."

While standing there erect, some of the natural fire glowing through the tawny complexion of her round cheek and sparkling in her eye, she looked to him like a forest queen.

And so he said: "Wildflower, you need not be alone; for many a young brave would be more than glad to pay attention to you."

To which she replied: "Your attentions as a brother were far more pleasing to me than any or all the attentions anyone of the other young braves could bestow upon me."

Then he arose and stepping up to her, he took her not unwilling hand and said: "Wildflower, if my caresses were so welcome as from a brother, can you accept them with pleasure as from a lover?"

She looked up to his face with pleased surprise, and when she saw the loving anxiety expressed thereon, she said: "Do you really mean what you say? You have never acted as though you cared for me, only as a brother; and not even that of late. Be sure

that your heart is satisfied with what your lips speak."

He said: "Wildflower, never till today did I know how much I loved you; but now I know I love you far more than I could a dear sister. Then tell me, dearest, do you love me in return?"

The expression of love that shone on her face and the joy that sparkled in her eyes would have been a sufficient reply without words.

But she said: "Yes, I love you more than words can tell. But I would rather die than have you see any one of the maidens of your white tribe and then wish you had not loved me."

He said: "I know not the ways of the maidens of the white tribes, but I know you to be a true-hearted maiden; and now that we know we love each other, let us be happy once more."

And drawing her close to his breast in a fond embrace, they exchanged kisses of pure love and truth. Then she felt that the sad and lonely cloud, and he, that the cloud of anxiety, had passed away.

And on their way to the wigwam, she

gathered some of the first wild flowers of the early spring and gave them to him; and on receiving them he said: "These are very *nee-she-shin* (nice); but may I say my Wildflower is far nicer and dearer to me?"

To which she replied: "Yes, if you will never wish to spread your wild-bird wings and leave your Wildflower to mourn her life away like the mourning dove of the forest."

CHAPTER VII.

THUS one of the late ripples in the hitherto united family was passed over, and still they all lived on together in one family as usual to all appearance, although Wildbird and Wildflower were happier as lovers than they had been even as brother and sister. Whitewing, still a loving and devoted daughter and sister, felt no change in her self-denying heart. But Turtle was restless with the anxious desire of winning her more than sisterly love for himself. As the summer advanced, the missionary often visited the wigwam of the young chief, to tell the aged squaw, who was slowly passing away,

the story of the good white man who loved the Indian as well as he loved the pale faces of the white tribes, and that he was the Son of the Great Spirit who sent him to earth to tell the pale faces about the beautiful home he would prepare for them, and to have the pale faces tell the Indians about the beautiful, happy hunting ground he had gone to prepare for them.

And he told her that the good Son of the Great Spirit was always doing good to someone, and being kind, as her white friends had been kind to her, and as she had been kind to their children. It was a picture lovely enough for any painter's brush, to see the handsome young man telling the still handsomer young woman what to say to the poor creature whose withered hand she held in her own warm, plump hands, and to see the pleased expression that passed over the dark-hued, wrinkled face as she looked into the dear, sweet young face so near her own, and listened to the precious words that fell from the ruby lips of the beautiful young maiden who felt such a strong desire to impart some loving influence through the loving kindness of her gentle ways.

Sometimes other members of the family were there to listen to the story of the Saviour of all the tribes of the earth. And to Turtle what strange, new words they were! and when breathed through the loving kindness of the beautiful maiden he so dearly loved, they held a powerful influence for good over his stern nature, that once was so ready to withdraw from everything tender or sympathetic.

Thus the summer and early fall passed away; but when the autumn leaves began to exchange the hue of sober green for the brilliant hues of crimson, scarlet and gold of maturity, it was plain to be seen that the aged one would soon pass over the dark river to the beautiful, happy hunting ground that she had listened to the mention of so often with such pleasure.

And one hazy, Indian summer day she called her children to her and said: "My children, I shall soon be with your father, who is watching for me; and then I will tell him how good you have all been to me. And if I can find my white friends among the white tribes, I will tell them about your loving kindness, my Wildbird and Whitewing;

and I am sure the sweet smile will come into the beautiful pale face of your white mother, and then I will be sure it is she. When I am gone, live in peace and love with each other. Bury me by the side of your father; sing some of the beautiful words the pale-faced missionary has taught you, and let him talk to you at my burial."

That was the last talk she had with her children. Two days afterward the missionary and all the young members of the family except Whitewing were standing near the pile of skins she lay upon, and Whitewing kneeling by her. They were watching to see if she could give them any token of love or recognition before her expiring breath was gone, when all at once she raised both her trembling arms up to Whitewing as if to draw her sweet, sad face to hers. Tears dropped from the long, dark lashes concealing the beautiful eyes onto the dark, wrinkled brow; but the sweet red lips kissed them away, and the kind, willing young arms, prompted by the loving kindness of her tender and loving heart, held the dying head until it sunk into the arms of death.

Then Whitewing said: "Dark and with-

ered is the face, but good and kind was the heart, and pure and white is the soul; and Jesus, the Great Good Spirit, who loves every one, loves her with the rest."

The missionary, feeling an elevating influence from the expression of such beautiful thoughts, motioned them to kneel, and made a short prayer in their own language—for he had mastered most of their common words. And when they arose and brought their sorrow under control, they sang one of the beautiful hymns they all, except Turtle, had learned, and that she had loved so much to hear.

They buried the kind old squaw mother according to her request. And soon after that, the chief and his braves were on the chase in the wild hunting ground with their weapons of slaughter, to secure the winter supply of meat and skins. Meanwhile the squaws and pappooses (Whitewing and Wildflower not excepted) had to secure the Indian corn and vegetables that the missionary had taught them to grow from seeds he had brought from his own home. Whitewing now knowing that the language taught in the school was her own natural language, and

Wildflower knowing that it was the natural language of her betrothed who was so dear to her, they both were anxious to learn all they could. But Whitewing was especially anxious to learn more and more about the good white man, Son of the Great Spirit, who went about doing good to all he met while on earth. And the missionary was more than pleased to be her teacher; for he loved her not only for her loveliness, but more for her gentle goodness that he discovered more and more in the loving kindness she manifested toward all who needed her tender sympathy. But she was, to all appearance, oblivious to all thoughts of conjugal affection, only returning the love of a favored friend, which made him realize that the most decided actions of love would be required to awaken her to a sense of his real feelings toward her.

But to take advantage of the young chief's absence (who he knew was madly in love with her) and tell her how dear she was to him, he felt would be cowardly and mean. And so he tried to content himself by seeking her presence only as her teacher.

Not so with the young brave, Black

Bear, who had lingered behind the hunters on purpose to take advantage of the chief's absence to ask her to go to his wigwam and be his squaw. That he felt a sort of savage, unrefined love for the beautiful maiden, was easily noticeable—a love that would soon wear out, and then she might do his bidding and his drudgery. He asked her abruptly to be his squaw, telling her at the same time that he loved her and that he would be brave to protect her scalp from all enemies.

To which she replied: "I will be your friend, and do all I can for you as a friend; but I do not wish to be anyone's squaw. I am the maiden Whitewing, and that is all I wish or intend to be. I am contented to live with my brothers and sister—"

"But Turtle is not your brother," he interrupted.

"He is as, and only as, a very dear brother to me," she replied.

But in spite of what she would say, he often annoyed her with his unwelcome presence while Turtle and Wildbird were absent; but on their return he kept his distance, knowing that it was useless to ask his chief for her as his bride, when she was unwilling

to give her consent. But had she wished it, Turtle would have given her to him, though it might have broken his own young heart. When the hunters returned from the chase, Wildbird and Wildflower met, with fond tokens of love, joy beaming in each face, which made those faces radiant and beautiful in each other's eyes.

Whitewing met Turtle with a sweet smile of welcome, and extending her hand to him, said: "Welcome home once more, dear brother!"

But he, losing his strong self-control, almost fiercely snatched her to his throbbing, aching breast, and kissing her pure, white brow, placed his hand under her chin, and raising her face, that displayed a surprised expression, to his admiring gaze, he pressed fierce, hot kisses on her ruby lips; then saying: "Why do these lips call me brother any longer?" he released her, and turned away, as if impatient with himself for displaying such passionate love, that he knew and felt was not returned in the same degree nor of the same nature.

Whitewing, thus released, turned to her brother, and placing a hand on either side of

his handsome, bearded face, drew it down, and kissing him, said: "Welcome home, my dear brother." To which he replied: "Thank you, my dear sister. I am glad we are all together once more."

CHAPTER VIII.

In the first busy days of taking care of meat and skins, also other preparations for the fast approaching winter, Turtle's failing health was unnoticed; but after the busiest scene was over, Whitewing noticed with alarm that he did not act well, and that he had a hacking cough that sounded doleful to her. And when she questioned him about his health, he said he had taken cold in the storm while on the hunting chase, but he would soon be well again.

Then he said: "If I should not get well, you would not miss me very much; would you, dear one?"

"Why, yes, I would, my brother; for Wildbird and Wildflower are all the world to each other, and I have no one left now but you for my company."

Had it not been for that word "brother" she so persistently applied to him, he would there and then have asked her to be his own beloved bride. But rightly judging by his own feelings, he felt sure that if she had any love for him beyond a sweet, pure, sisterly love, she would cease to call him brother.

And so, placing an arm tenderly around her waist, he said: "I am glad I am as dear as a brother to you, if I cannot be any dearer."

And with his other hand raising her blushing face to his view, he gave her a kiss, which she strangely did not return; the omission of which, noticed by him, set his heart to palpitating; for he thought that he had at length said something that gave her to understand that there was a change in the love he felt for her. But he did not take advantage of what he had reason to believe was the first time she had discovered the real meaning of his endearing attentions. After that she was kind and gentle toward him, but sought to avoid his caresses.

All through the winter, as he got no better in health but rather grew worse, she would sit by him betimes and talk to him

about the Great Spirit's good and beautiful Son, who loved all the tribes of the earth, no matter what their name, nature or color, and that his Father had sent him to show all the people how to live happily here as well as in the happy hunting ground, by living in peace and love with and doing acts of kindness for, each other, as he always went about doing good among the different tribes when he was on the earth, helping and comforting every one who needed his help, and that now he was away in the happy hunting ground, making it beautiful for and waiting to receive his dear brothers and sisters, who become the sons and daughters of the Great Spirit through their loving kindness toward each other and toward those who need their help. For he says in his good book when we help the needy, it is the same as helping him.

Thus she sought to lead his thoughts away from the grosser things of earth to the more refined and spiritual things of heaven; for she felt that he would not long have to do with the things of earth. The missionary sometimes listened to and wondered at the beautiful expression of her thoughts, almost divining that some unseen spiritual power of

loving influence inspired her; for little chance had she had of being taught such things by any earthly power, considering the difference in the language she had to acquire in order to understand anything of such things.

Although Whitewing feared Turtle would never be well again, he hoped that when the warm spring weather came and he could get in the bright sunshine, he would soon be well. But when the spring and the sunshine came, bringing the tender green leaf, the sweet wild flowers and singing birds of the forest, his good health tarried behind, back in the early autumn, before he went on the last hunting chase. However, he sought the sunshine, and tried to stroll around a little in the woods near the little clearing around his wigwam.

Whitewing, noticing his weak efforts to get about, said: "Let me help you to walk around when you wish to go."

He said: "Will it not be too much trouble for you?"

"Why, no, my dear brother," she would say. "Nothing is too much trouble that I can do for you, but a pleasure."

One warm summer day he said: "Whitewing, will you help me to go to the place by the brook where Wildbird and I found you the day we returned home from the last war path we trod?"

"I will help you," she said, "but I fear it is too long a walk for you."

"Oh!" he said, "I must try it, for I want to sit there once more with you."

They walked slowly along, she doing all she could to help his weak and trembling steps. When they reached the place, he sat down on the trunk of the fallen tree the brothers found her on, the day he had mentioned; but she stood by him and let him lean his weary and trembling form against her, while she held his head soothingly and restfully in her hands.

After he had rested a little, he said: "Now, sit down by me; for I must talk to you, must tell you that I feel I am soon to leave you."

She sat down, and nestling close to his side, he placed his arm around her, and laying his hand caressingly on her curly head, pressed it close to his beating heart and said: "Whitewing, listen to what I have to say; for

I must tell you what I have longed to tell you for many, many moons. It is that I love you more, far more than I ever could love a very dear sister. Dearest one, I love you more than words can tell; and it was right here, on the day we found you here on our return from the war path, that I first knew I loved you so much. But then my love was a wild, fierce, almost savage love; but having brave courage over myself, I fought it back, so that you could see only the glow of the flaming love that burned within my heart, and you mistook it for the sober brotherly love of the past.

"And sometimes I rebelled—nay, almost despised myself for loving a maiden who would not receive the bloody scalps at the hands of her brothers who had risked their lives to save her own beautiful scalp. I scorned not you, but the tears I saw you weep. But now I am changed; oh, so changed! It seems as if that fierce, burning love has burned the coarse dregs out of my hard, cruel nature; and your kind, gentle ways and loving care over me and mine have taught me a love that is sweeter, purer and more tender—a love that has changed or re-

fined my coarse nature; and oh, what a change! When I see myself many moons back, it seems that now I am some other one.

"You have told me about the good and beautiful Son of the Great Spirit going about doing so much good, showing the tribes of the earth what to do, so that they may be his brothers and sisters; but my life is nearly gone, and what have I done? I, the chief of a great tribe, might have done so much; but now it is too late!"

Whitewing rising from the log and seating herself on the ground in front of him, and looking in his face to see the effect of her words, said: "Listen, my dear brother. The Great Spirit knows all things. He knows that your life is short, knows you did not understand about these things till your short life was nearly gone, and he knows that you now wish to do good.

"His Son told the tribes of the earth that his Father, the Great Spirit, was good and kind, and loved all the tribes of the earth so much that he sent his Son to teach, to help, to save and to bless them, both in this life and in the other life over the dark river; and he may choose you to be the one to bring the

sweet good something that *must* come from the happy hunting ground to the hearts of those who live here, teaching them to be good and kind to each other. And though your tribe may not see you teaching them and doing them good, still you may be sent to influence their new chief to acts of loving kindness toward them, that will teach them to find and lead them to walk in the path of peace and love instead of the war path, that they may do good and be happy."

"That is a comforting thought," he said; and perhaps our failure here through lack of opportunity in time may be overlooked, and a chance given us over there to show our willingness to do some good, when we have learned what the Great Spirit would have us do. And if it is so, I hope I may be able to teach my people through their new chief a better way of living than we have known in the past; for I feel in my heart that war and bloody scalps are not the things that make us ready for the happy hunting-ground, nor does the war path lead us there. Not that I would fold my hands in weakness, if my dear ones needed protection. O no! but I would not try to make enemies that I might have a chance to fight them."

"I am glad, dear brother, that you have learned that the way of peace and love is the way to happiness, and that the peace path is the way to the happy hunting ground. But are you not getting tired? I fear it will be hard for you to get home."

"I am some tired, but not ready to go yet;" and reaching out his hand toward her, he invited her to a seat beside him again.

She, accepting the invitation, reseated herself by his side. He placed his arm about her waist, and with his other hand he raised her face to his; and tenderly kissing her, he said: "I have something more to say to you; and then I will be tired, and we will have to try to get back to the wigwam. I have told you of my very great and tender love for you; tell me now, dearest, do you love me in return?"

She replied: "You know I love you as a very dear brother."

"Dearest one," he said, "if I had a long life to live, that would not satisfy me; but now it will do. Only let me feel and know that you are mine while my few days shall last. May the good missionary marry us as the white tribes marry, before I die? For

though I cannot have you long here, I want to have you over there;" and again laying a caressing hand among the long, glossy ringlets that veiled her neck and shoulders, he said: "Oh! may some brave, strong arm protect this beautiful scalp! May the cruel knife never tear it from the beautiful head! Then, when I see you coming to the happy hunting ground, I will know it is you. Though your face may be wrinkled, your hair white as the snow, the long curls like the curling smoke from the pipe of peace will tell me it is you. And if we are married here, you will be mine over there. For you are not mine now, not even my sister. Then tell me, dearest, will you be mine before I go?"

Then she placed her hand in his, and said: "Yes, I will; but not yet."

For one moment it seemed the later tender love had caught the flame of the earlier and fiercer love, so radiant was his face. And rising to their feet to return to the wigwam, he folded his arms fondly about her; and pressing warm kisses on her fair, smooth brow and ruby lips, he earnestly breathed the words: "Mine, mine at last!"

And the pleasure of at length being able

to claim the good and lovely maiden by his side as his own, seemed to give him new strength for the time, or at least to divert his mind away from his weakness and suffering. For the walk on the return to the wigwam was accomplished more quickly and with less fatigue than the walk to the favorite retreat.

But not long did the apparently added strength remain; for the distressing cough, aching lungs and hectic fever soon toned him down to the usual state of health he had reached before the little surprise of apparently added strength had been given him. He had taken his last walk in the woods; and not many sunrises after, the cruel arms of fell disease laid him on his bed of skins to rise no more by his own strength or effort. Whitewing watched and cared for him mostly in the days, and she and Wildflower each watched with him alternate nights, and Wildbird cared for him whenever his help was required to lift or move him.

CHAPTER IX.

One day in early autumn Turtle said to Wildbird: "My brother, go among the braves of the tribe, and tell them to assemble here the first warm, sunny day we have. Tell them their dying chief wishes to speak to them, and ask the missionary to come too."

The invitations were carried and willingly received, for they all respected and loved their kind young chief. So the first warm day brought a crowd of dark-faced stalwart braves in and around the wigwam. The missionary came also.

Then Turtle said: "Carry me out where I can speak to them all."

Whitewing and Wildbird had fixed an elevated place with skins spread over it for him to rest on, where the wigwam sheltered from the wind, and where the sun shone down bright and warm.

Some of the braves carried him out and placed him in a half-sitting posture; and Wildbird supported him thus, while he spoke to them, saying: "My braves, you will soon have to choose another chief, as I have no

own brother to take my place; for I will soon have passed over the dark river to the beautiful happy hunting ground. Now I hope you will live in peace with each other, and with all others as much as you can. Try to smoke the pipe of peace with all other tribes, and with the pale-faces too, if they will smoke it with you. When you choose a chief, may he be a brave who will try to do all the good he can. I have learned that it is right to do good; and if I could live and reign over you, I would try to do you some good. Some of you have heard the story of the good and beautiful Son of the Great Spirit, who went about doing good; and the pale-faced missionary will tell it to you all now."

All this he said in almost a whisper to a strong-voiced brave, who repeated it to the crowd in strong, clear tones. Then the missionary told the beautiful story of the lover of all the tribes of the earth, and ended by asking his blessing on the dark-hued possessors of the germs of his Divine Spirit assembled there, and especially on the dying young chief. Then Turtle, not being able to bid them farewell, for the distressing cough which he could no longer control,

waved his weak and trembling hand to them, which had once been so strong and firm. Then they carried him in, and the crowd turned quietly away, to seek each his forest home. And who knows how many may have felt the germ of divine sympathy warmly stirred within their hearts by the kind expressions dropped from the lips of their dying chief?

One morning shortly after the day that Turtle waved his last farewell to his assembled braves, he said to Whitewing (as she came to watch by him and let Wildflower take her rest): "My dearest one, there is one thing more before I die, and that I think will end my work on earth: it is to have you made all my own by our marriage. Please do not delay it any longer; for I would like to have you my own dear wife one whole day on earth and let that be tomorrow. I wish you would dress just as you were the day we returned from the last war path we trod; and let the missionary come and say the words that shall make you mine—mine always and forever. And let it be done today; for I feel that one day more, and that is tomorrow, is all I can have on earth. Will you do as I wish?"

"Yes," she said, "it shall be done as you wish; for I promised, and I will keep my word sacred."

And then she watched by him until he got some rest and sleep; after which she bathed his face and hands, as she had often done in his sickness, while repeating, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," the words found on the paper the squaw mother had so carefully preserved for her. And when Wildflower awoke, she told her what Turtle wished, and that she had consented to his wishes.

To which she replied: "I am so glad you have, for his sake."

After they had all taken something to eat, Turtle said to Wildbird, "Will you, my brother, go for the pale-faced missionary, that he may say the words that will make your sweet sister my dear wife for ever?"

To which he asked: "Does my sister wish me to?"

Turtle replied: "She can answer for herself."

Whitewing, hearing what was said, came to the brothers and said: "Yes, my brother,

it is my wish. Surely you might have known it was, or Turtle never would have requested you to go."

Wildbird fearing he might have hurt his dying brother's feelings, took his hand and said: "Forgive me, dear brother, I will go and do as you wish."

While he went to carry the message, Wildflower brushed out Whitewing's glossy tresses, and separating them, let them twist and curl in their own natural way. Turtle eagerly watched the hair-dressing, thinking no doubt that it would be the last time he would ever see the curls made smooth, that he had so long and so often admired. When the hair band with the silvery star center bound them back, the maidens went behind the screen of skins; and when Whitewing came to view again, she was dressed in her fringed and embroidered robes, and bedecked with her jewels, just as we have seen her once, and others often before.

Then she went to Turtle and said: "Am I dressed to suit you, my dear—one?" interrupting herself from saying "brother."

He reached up his trembling arms, and she kneeling down by his couch of skins, he

took her face in his two hands and said: "Yes; and you are a fit bride for a young, strong, brave chief, instead of a poor, weak, dying one."

To which she replied: "I would rather have you as you are, than any of the other braves as they are."

He drew her face to his, and kissing her, said: "You are dressed as you were the first time I said of you in my heart, 'O that she were not my sister!'"

She was sitting on the edge of his couch and holding his hand in both of hers, when Wildbird and the missionary entered the wigwam. Then she arose, and the missionary came toward her with extended hand; and the "pale face" was still paler, and his voice trembled when he spoke to her. He gave her hand a spasmodic pressure which she noticed; but attributing it to her approaching marriage, she took no further notice of it at the time.

The missionary approached Turtle and taking his hand, said: "How are you, my brother, today?"

At which he looked up with a pleased expression and said: "No better in body, but

happy in mind." Then he said: "Have you come ready to say the words that will make Whitewing my wife for ever?"

He said: "I have come to perform the marriage ceremony for you and Whitewing, if you are both agreeable to it."

To which he replied: "I am joyfully so; Whitewing can answer for herself."

She, modestly waiting for him to ask her, stood a little apart from the rest. As he approached her, he thought: "She is beautiful in that rich, wild garb; but it is not appropriate to her style of beauty; it is a fit robe for a forest queen. If she were dressed in accordance with her own style of beauty, she would look like a lovely young princess of some fair land of refinement." All this flashed through his mind as he approached her to ask if she willingly consented to this marriage. And being assured that she did, he told them that it was the law with the white tribes to be sure that both are willing to marry, before the words are said that bind them together for life.

Having learned that they were both willing to wed each other, he took Whitewing by the hand and led her to the side of Tur-

tle's bed; and joining their right hands, he asked the Great Spirit to bless them both for time and for eternity, and then he uttered the words, asked the questions and received the answers necessary to enable him to pronounce them husband and wife. And when he pronounced them such, they were both astonished and seemed unable to realize that such was the case; for,

> Few are the words on life's swift tide,
> That changes the maiden to a bride.

But, being assured that such was the case, Turtle raised his trembling hands imploringly to Whitewing, who knelt down by him; then he said: "Mine, mine at last! mine, mine for ever!" And dropping his weak arms that had assayed to embrace her, he said: "I am tired now."

Then the men went out to talk; Wildflower sat by herself, quietly stringing wampum; and Whitewing sat by the couch of her husband, the chief; and with a bush from one of the trees of the surrounding forest, she gently and carefully fanned away any insect that might disturb him while trying to rest. Finally he closed his eyes in sleep; but the troublesome cough would not let him

rest long, but awoke him on a sudden; and then she raised his head and lovingly held it on her bosom.

As soon as he could speak, he looked up into her face and said: "My own dear, sweet wife!" and his countenance almost shone bright for a moment.

She turned away her face to hide the tears that trembled on the long, black lashes that veiled her beautiful, sad, brown eyes—those eyes that ever told by their expression the thoughts and feelings of her heart.

When she laid him back on the rest she had prepared for his head, he asked for the missionary, and when he came in, he said: "Will you tell me about the Son of the Great Spirit once more?"

"Why, yes, with pleasure I will, my dear brother," he said; and then he repeated the oft-told but ever new story of the Saviour of poor, unsatisfied humanity. And then, taking his hand and holding it while he talked with him, he said: "Dear brother, are you afraid to cross the dark river that you say runs between you and the happy hunting ground?"

He replied: "I was ever taught not to

fear, and I know no fear now. I seem to be standing on an island in the midst of the dark river now, with loved ones on either side of me, some on this side and some on that side."

Then the missionary said: "I am glad, my brother, that you are not afraid. I will ask the Great Good Spirit to bless you; and then I will leave, that you may rest."

And offering up a few fervent words of prayer, he then took his leave by taking each by the hand and bidding them goodbye; and on his way home he had many strange and conflicting thoughts on marriage and death, wife and widow so close together. At the wigwam they kept very quiet, Whitewing sitting near her husband's couch, watching and waiting to attend to his every need with all the loving care her gentle hands and loving heart could bestow. In the evening, laying aside her bridal robes, she donned something more comfortable and watched by his bed-side all night. In the morning Wildflower arose and went to take her place, that she might rest; but she said: "No, I will not leave him."

He hearing what they were saying, said:

"Lie down by my side, then, and try to take a little rest."

But she said: "No: soon you may need something, and I wish to care for you myself."

When she would not rest, he asked her to put on her bridal robes again; for he said: "You are the beautiful wife of a chief, and you should dress like a chief's wife."

She complied with his wish; and then going to him with a little twinkle of merriment in her eyes, she said: "Now, my dear husband-chief, do I suit you?"

To which he replied: "Yes, always, my own dear, sweet wife."

All through that day, as he felt able to listen, she talked to him about the beautiful happy hunting-ground, and about some things she had learned to read in the Great Spirit's good book. She said one thing she had read was about a good missionary who lived many, many moons ago, who talked to the Great Spirit, "like our missionary," she said, and told him he was not afraid to die; for he said: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

"And his rod and his staff will comfort you. And Jesus, the Son of the Great Spirit, walked on the water and took one of his braves by the hand, and helped him to walk on the water; and he can walk on the river of death and help you. I can hold your hand to the edge of the river, then Jesus will take your hand and lead you across."

Thus she who had influenced him for good through most of his life, tried to comfort, cheer and lead him gently along, even in the lone valley of death. For she saw he was fast passing away. Her soft and gentle voice and the kind words she made use of to express her beautiful thoughts, were sounds of music to his attentive ear. When the sun went down, he reached his almost helpless hands up to her, as she stood by the side of his bed. She bent over him, and he whispered: "You have been my own sweet wife one whole night and one whole day, but tomorrow you will be a widow."

She made no reply, but slipping her arm under his neck, she laid her soft, round cheek on his forehead with her face turned away from his, to keep the falling tears from his notice. That brought the cloud of long

black ringlets over his face; and Wildflower standing by, saw him lay his hand caressingly over them and press them to his burning lips, which attracted Whitewing's attention; and she immediately raised her head, to remove the cloudy veil from his face. Then drying her eyes and controlling her feelings by a strong effort, she kissed him and softly laid her other cheek on his brow.

Then he whispered: "Call my brother."

Wildflower went to her lover and said with quivering lip: "Our dying brother calls for you."

He placed his arm affectionately about her waist, and led her into the wigwam and to the bed. Turtle tried to reach his hand up, but failed.

His brother seeing his weak effort, took him by the hand, and leaning over him, listened to his whispered words, which were: "Will you think of our lives together sometimes, dear brother, when I am gone? And forgive, if I have done you wrong. And please bury me as we did our mother."

He said: " I will do as you wish. But I have nothing to forgive; you have always been kind and good to me."

Their hands still clasped, Turtle whispered: "Goodbye."

Wildbird laid his hand on Turtle's brow and said: "Goodbye, my brother."

Then he tried to reach his hand to Wildflower; she clasped it and bending over to hear his feeble voice, she heard him say: "Be good to my dear wife, your sweet sister."

To which she answered: "I will."

He said: "Goodbye, dear sister."

She kissed him and said: "Goodbye, my dear brother."

And Wildbird led her away, as the tears she tried so hard to keep back forced their way through the thick black lashes and chased each other down her tawny cheek. And again Whitewing, kneeling by Turtle's bed, slipped her soft arm under his neck, and wiped the death drops from his brow.

When he had rested a little, he cast one long, loving look at her and whispered: "Kiss me, dearest one."

Her red lips, throbbing with life and health, pressed his pale dying lips, that he might return the kiss, as she knew he would wish to do.

Then he said: "This has been the happiest day of my life; but now I go to wait for you over there. Goodbye, my sweet, dear wife."

She whispered: "Goodbye, my dear one;" and then said: "I leave you now with Jesus, the great, good Chief of all the tribes in the happy hunting ground; where you will cough no more, nor suffer with withering chills or scorching fever, and where no biting, stinging insects will annoy you; but where sweet birds of paradise in their beautiful plumage will sing to you, where the sweet, fragrant wild rose that you love so well will bloom without the thorn, and where the bright rays from the Great Spirit will warm and cheer you, and his good and beautiful Son will lovingly smile upon you."

Thus she tried to raise his last thoughts in the body above all the things of earth, up to the spiritual things of beauty, love and heaven. Unknown to Whitewing, the missionary had entered the wigwam, just as Wildbird led Wildflower from the bed; for he felt it to be his duty to stand by his young friends in their trouble and sorrow. And so he had been a silent witness to the

last endearing words between the dying chief and his young wife.

When she perceived his presence, she said, with trembling voice: "Will you please sing the beautiful words he loves so well to hear?"

He nodded assent, and low and softly, but very distinctly, he sang a lovely hymn that Whitewing's sweet voice had often warbled to Turtle's attentive ear during his long and trying illness. And in the midst of the sound of the beautiful words his soul passed over the dark river to the happy hunting ground.

The missionary perceiving that his breath had ceased, stepped up to the bed and felt for his pulse; and laying his hand over the region of the heart, that had ceased to throb with love, hope or fear, he said to Whitewing: "He has passed safely over the dark river. Be thankful, my dear sister; for he passed away like passing into a sweet sleep;" and then he led her, weeping, away from the form of one she had known and loved as a very dear brother from her very babyhood. And seating her, he then straightened the emaciated limbs and cov-

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ered the face with a white cloth from Whitewing's treasured relics from her mother.

CHAPTER X.

Not many days after they had buried Turtle as he wished, and by the side of his mother, the ceremony of choosing a new chief was performed, some of the tribe wishing to make Wildbird their chief. But he not being willing to accept the office, was instructed by the missionary to thank them for their favor and tell them that he had rather they would choose one who knew better how to lead and care for them. This he did; and so the mantle of chieftainship fell on a noble-hearted brave who was very much interested in the mission and the school, and who would be a kind and gentle shepherd to his flock in peace, but brave as a lion to fight for and protect them from their enemies.

Whitewing, thus left to mourn her loved ones gone, tried to center her attention on her school duties and to devote herself to self-interest; but she felt very lonely, for sorrow after sorrow had pressed upon her young

and tender heart till she almost wished she was over on the other side, for it seemed as though her earthly mission was done. She thought more about her own palefaced father and mother than she ever had before, and had a longing desire to see, know and love them.

And learning about that time where her brother kept their beautiful scalps, she took the chance one day in his absence—not being willing to attract his attention to them, for fear of arousing his anger again—to have a long look at them. And while gazing on them and trying to realize the dreadful deed of tearing them from their bleeding heads, the tears fell thick and fast, and a feeling of something like anger seemed to take possession of her heart. But a sweet remembrance of the kind and loving squaw mother coming over her, the anger vanished; and so she smoothed the silken tresses of her mother, and then pressing them to one cheek and the short, crispy, black curls of her father to the other cheek, she held them there until her tears ceased to flow; and then tenderly kissing them, she returned them to their place of concealment, never to look upon them

again. Her brother and his promised wife were very kind to her; but she felt as if she would be intruding if she tried to attract their attention to herself, and so about the only comfort she had was when she was in the missionary's company, listening to his instructions.

She had not been a widow very long before Black Bear again pressed his suit. She said: "Why ask me to listen to you? There are many maidens in the tribe who would be glad to listen to you."

He said: "I do not love them, and I do not want one I do not love."

To which she replied: "I do not wish to wed one whom I love only as a friend."

He said: "You married Turtle, and you loved him only as a brother."

She replied: "I could not refuse his dying request. But I wish you would never speak to me again on this subject, for I cannot listen to you."

He turned away, partly in sorrow and partly in anger, but very much disappointed. She fearing that he might meet her some time when she was alone and carry her to his wigwam, told her brother her fears (for she

had no Turtle now to listen to her fears, or to protect her from harm); but he said: "No, my sister; he will not do anything like that; although I know he is very much disappointed, for he has talked to me about you."

Nor did he ever do her any harm; for it was at a time when the wild Indian had not learned dishonest tricks of the pale-faces, a time when two sticks crossed at the opening for a door in the wigwam were all the lock and key required to keep all safe within in the absence of the owners. Whitewing, who had so often spent her time and loving kindness upon some other object more than upon herself, grew weary and dissatisfied with trying to cultivate self-interest enough to be willing to spend all her time and energy just for her own benefit or pleasure. So, one day in the early winter she sought the missionary and said to him: "Is there not something I can do to help you in your missionary or your school work?"

To which he replied: "Why, yes; I will be very pleased to have your good and kind help."

Therefore after that her time was again fully employed. But he would not let her

spend it all on others, for he was anxious that she should improve her education in every way possible. However, in order to keep her contented, he allowed her to teach sometimes, and also to visit the sick and aged, where she was always welcomed with pleasure; for like one of the disciples carrying the bread from his Master to feed the multitude, she carried the comforting words of love she had received from the missionary. For unlike most of the Puritan fathers, he believed more in drawing sinners by the cords of love than by presenting to their mental view a lake of fire and brimstone and then telling them that the Great Spirit would cast them into it if they did uot love and serve him.

And so she talked to them of the Great Spirit's love for them in sending his good and beautiful Son to teach, heal, feed and bless the people that lived on the earth when he was here, so they might teach the Indians when they found them, and tell them about the beautiful happy hunting ground he would prepare for them. She spoke to them of peace instead of war, of kindness instead of cruelty, of mercy instead of revenge, of love instead of hate and of heaven instead of hell

—never commingling wrath and cruelty with mercy, or love with hate, never representing a God of love as taking vengeance; for she had never been taught such things herself by the missionary. No wonder they loved her, while looking on her beautiful face glowing with the sweet something that inspired to their untaught but attentive ears such wonderful words.

Thus her time passed with more satisfaction to herself, and all the time the young missionary's love for her grew stronger and stronger. But she comprehended it not; for on account of her widowhood he manifested only the love of a common friend, knowing that his words and actions as a lover would have to be plain and decided if he brought her to a sense of the nature of his regard for her; for her thoughts soared so much above the self-interest that binds most minds to earthly objects. O that there were more such salt sprinkled over the world! more such cities set on hills! She was a bright and shining light, not hid under a bushel, but shining on a candlestick, giving forth light among men to glorify her Father in heaven.

Thus between her lessons and her mis-

sionary work and helping her sister, her time passed swiftly along. And soon the whirling snow of winter began to rage; but she being reared among the forest trees that rustled in the breeze of spring, crashed and fell in the thunder storms of summer, sighed in the gentle zephyrs of hazy autumn and roared in the raging blizzards of winter, felt no fears of inclement weather or trackless snow. Therefore one snowy day, bent on her mission work among the sick and aged, she started out, a foot of untracked snow beneath her moccasined feet, and a snow-laden cloud dropping large, feathery flakes of snow upon her uncovered jet black curls; but she heeded not the snow that had come or was coming, and so marched happily along, singing to herself, until she met the missionary, who gazed at the vision of beauty, longing to clasp her to his heart and tell her the story of his love so long and so carefully deferred; but she took time only to smile on him and salute him with *bozho* (how do you do?) Then she passed on with her beautiful eyes expressing the joy she felt in doing some good, and her cheeks glowing

from the exercise of her morning walk in the wintry air.

All day she went from wigwam to wigwam, helping with her willing hands, cheering with her words of comfort, giving pleasure by singing beautiful words the missionary had taught her, or repeating the story of the beautiful Son of the Great Spirit. All day the storm had been increasing; and at last, noticing the darkness coming on, she bade the aged squaw she last visited goodbye, and started for her home in the blinding storm, as the wind raged and tore through the roaring forest, seemingly in every direction.

She waded through the deep new-fallen snow at first with elasticity; but becoming weary, and darkness overtaking her, and the wild winds' various and stifling ways being no guide to her, but beating the storm into her face and eyes, she wandered out of the right course, and traveled for hours in a circle, as she finally discovered, until she was ready to drop into the snowy bed spread at her feet, where she would soon have been clasped in the icy arms of death as his pale and beautiful bride. But at last, perceiving

why she did not make any headway, she determined to make one more desperate effort to break away from the charmed circle.

And after dragging herself wearily along and falling and rising many times, she at length saw a dim light approaching through the darkness and the storm; and thinking she was near her own home, she thought Wildflower was out with a torch to guide her to the wigwam—as Wildbird was still on the hunting chase. But on a nearer approach, she saw it was not a torch, but little, fine rays of light out in every direction. Then she lost sight of it for a few moments; but seeing it again a little out of what seemed to be the straight course, she dragged herself along toward it until she reached the door of the little log house of the mission, where the missionary had just entered with his tin lantern. And stumbling, she fell and struck the door with her hand. On hearing a noise, he opened the door and found her sunk down in a heap, exhausted and ready to perish.

He took hold of her hand to help her in; but perceiving that she was powerless to help herself, he tenderly lifted and carried her in,

and placing her on a stool turned to the fireplace to stir the fire, that she might feel the warmth. But on hearing her fall to the floor, he sprang to her side and discovered that she had fainted through sheer exhaustion and the reaction of her fierce struggle with the last March blizzard of that year.

But by rubbing her hands and striking them together a few times she soon began to revive, and seeing the jetty fringe of the clear, white lids that veiled the beautiful eyes begin to tremble, he slid his knee under her shoulder and his arm under her head; and raising her to a half sitting posture, he bent his face to hers and earnestly whispered: "O that I could claim you as my own beautiful darling!" when she, opening her eyes, exclaimed: "Where am I? and who are you?"

Then perceiving who it was that held her, she made an effort to rise to her feet; seeing which he arose and assisted her to gain a standing position. But still retaining his supporting arm about her, he drew her close to him, and placing his hand under her chin, he raised her still pale, tired-looking face to his view; and pressing his trembling

lips to her brow, he exclaimed: "Oh, dear Whitewing, how I love you!"

She turned and looked him full in the face, as if to make sure she had not misunderstood him, and saw the tender love glowing all over his face and shining in his grey eyes that looked almost black with the pleased excitement of at last having a proper opportunity of making his love known to her, and of seeing the blush that spread over her otherwise tired, pale face—which told him that a sense of the nature of the true and tender love he cherished for her had at last penetrated to her pure and gentle young heart.

She, stepping away from him, said: "I am rested some now, and not very far from home; so I must go, for Wildflower will be watching for me."

Then he said: "I will go with you, and take a light."

She had not gone very far before her limbs began to tremble; and before they reached the wigwam, he had almost to carry her.

Wildflower, seeing the light, met them, and taking Whitewing by the hand, said: "I have waited long for you tonight, my sister,"

and led her to the fire, and gave her some warm hominy.

The missionary, seeing that the kind care and attention she was receiving were all that she stood in need of, returned to his own home. After Whitewing became rested and warm, she told her sister how in her stormy wandering she had thought of their dear good mother carrying her two pappooses on her back through the wintry storm, and how it was no wonder she had fallen at the white man's door, and how glad she was that her own father and mother had been kind to her and her little ones. And after she had told of her weary tramp and the thoughts it had occasioned, they crept into their bed of skins —those two maidens, so far apart in looks, nature and birth, and yet so close together in love.

The dark one soon closed her shining black eyes in the sweet and peaceful sleep that comes to innocent childhood and youth. But the fair one had many thoughts of the past, present and future, that kept the gentle angel, Sleep, at a distance from the weary brown eyes till into the "wee sma' hoors o' the morn';" and not the last or least interest-

ing to her was the thought that once her brother Turtle had told her that the missionary would some day tell her of his love and ask her to be his bride. But so much had she been interested in wishing and trying to help and please others, that she had thought very little of her own pleasure, until the word of love, breathed so earnestly by one of her own white tribe, as she still thought of the white race, opened within her pure, loving, young heart, a fountain of love never before realized by her.

At first she wondered if he meant anything more than a true brotherly love, as he had often called her sister; but by analyzing his words and actions, while she lay by the side of her sleeping sister, she came to the conclusion that he really meant just what her brother Turtle said he would mean.

So when he came the next day to see if she had got over the fatigue of her snowy and stormy experience, he was pleased to see the bright red blush that spread over her soft round cheek, the bright sparkle of her expressive eye and the altogether pleased expression of her handsome face, as he lovingly pressed her extended hand of welcome and

said: "How are you today, my dear young friend?"

For it plainly told him that she had at length arrived at the knowledge of the true state of his feelings toward her, and knew that he loved her. And he felt through the intuition of his heart that the knowledge was not unpleasant to her; but, on the contrary, he believed it was pleasing to her, for he knew she would not practice guile or act deceitfully. The free, sweet, confiding, sisterly ways had vanished; for she was shy and inclined to be somewhat distant, but always met him with a sweet smile of welcome. For they met often in their missionary work, and then again when he would be giving her instruction; and occasionally he would tell her of his love and ask her to be his bride, but she always deferred her answer from time to time. Meanwhile she was doing a good deal of thinking to herself; for she had often heard him speak of his white friends, and well she knew that they and their ways were far different from her and her ways, and she did not feel as if she could ever be a fit associate for them, and she feared he would wish to take her to his former home, and would

become ashamed of her when he saw her with the maidens of his white race.

But one summer day he met her as she was on her way home from visiting some aged squaws, and extending his hand toward her, she placed her hand in it; and he drew her close to him and said: "Why will you keep me waiting so long for the reply I so earnestly desire? Tell me, dearest, will you be mine?"

She said: "When two moons have gone, meet me the first day on the log by the stones in the little river when the sun is high, and then I will tell you."

He pressed her close to his loving heart and said: "I will be there; will you?"

"Yes," was her reply.

He said: "I know you will keep your word; let us seal our promises with a kiss."

She raised her blushing face to his, and they exchanged kisses of pure youthful love; and then he drew her plump little hand onto his arm, and pressing it there, he accompanied her to the wigwam, where he said: "I know you will keep your promise; and as I have waited so long, I will try to be patient until the two moons are passed."

And then he bade her goodbye and hastened home with conflicting thoughts 'twixt hope and fear, which continued all through the waiting time; for nearly all her pleasant welcomes would give him hope when they met, but sometimes the partings would leave him in fear. But he never once mentioned the subject while he was waiting.

CHAPTER XI.

However, the few weeks that seemed so long to him came to an end; and at noon the first day after the two moons had passed, he bent his steps toward the well-known favorite place, and he had no fears about finding her there, for he knew she would keep her promise. But what was she going to say to him? He felt sure the decision would be made that day and there would be no changing it, and so it was with anxious joy he hastened to the appointed place of meeting. And when he came in sight of it, he saw her sitting on the fallen tree, where we have seen her twice before.

And the first near look he got of her

face, he thought it wore a sad expression; but when she looked up and saw him, a sweet smile of welcome chased away the sadness. And she arose to meet him; seeing which he gave one bound across the brook, and taking her in his arms, he pressed pure, loving kisses on her clear, fair brow and ruby lips, saying: "I must express my strong, true love for you in actions and words once more, let the decision be what it may."

Then leading her back to the log, they sat down side by side; and holding her close to him and looking down at her upturned face, he saw the sad expression there again, and said: "You look sad, will you tell me your sorrow, darling?"

"Yes," she replied, "I am thinking of my dear brother Turtle; for just twelve months ago today, I told him you might say the words that would make me his forever."

"O not forever, dearest one! not to exclude all others from ever having a claim on you!"

"O no! in my mind they were to make me his sister-wife for ever; and I never called him husband but once, and that was to please him the day he died. Poor, dear

brother! how he loved me! and how good he was to me! But he has gone."

"Yes, darling, he has gone to his beautiful, his eternal home. But there is one here still who loves you as tenderly and as truly as he ever could."

She said: "I do not doubt your true and tender love for me; but I know the difference between the maidens of the race you have lived with and myself, for I have heard you speak of them."

"Yes, and so do I, darling. And a thousand times sweeter, truer and purer are you than those silly maidens who seem to think they were made only to be dressed and ornamented out of all semblance of true, sensible womanhood—dressed, one would think, to imitate dolls in a toy shop, and seemingly thinking they were made to be stared at, waited on and to listen to silly compliments proceeding from heads as empty of good common sense as their own. Of course, I am not speaking of them as individuals, but in general; there are so few who do not seem absorbed in their own individual pleasure. Then do not think for a moment that I would exchange one visit with you for

a thousand with any one of them. But tell me, dearest, do you love me in return for the great love I have for you? I do not mean in the way you are trying to love every one."

"Yes," she said, "I do love you more than I ever loved anyone else, and with a different love."

"Then, dearest, will you be mine?"

"Yes," she said, "if you will not let me be exposed to the ridicule of those who would despise me and make you ashamed of me."

"Ashamed of you! Why! I would be proud of you in any company and in any place; and the better you were known the prouder I would be of you; for those who knew you best would love and respect you most. So now, dearest one, may I claim you as my own?"

She placed her hand in his, and said: "Yes."

He looked heavenward and said: "Thank God!"

And then laying his hand on her curly head and pressing it close to his joyful heart, he said: "My own sweet darling!" and then for a few moments they sat quite still, as if trying to realize the great change that had

come over them in those few brief moments.

Then she said: "I must go;" but he, still pressing the hand she had placed in his, said: "Why in such haste, my darling?"

To which she replied: "I promised to help Wildflower this afternoon;" and so they arose; and he, being loath to give up her sweet company for the rest of the day, pressed her close to his side once more, and, placing his hand under her chin, raised her blushing face to view, saying: "Let us seal our betrothal with kisses." And they exchanged kisses of pure love, he repeating "my own darling,"—the three words so precious to him. And then they walked arm in arm to the wigwam, she entering to help her sister, while he passed on to think and plan about the change he saw must needs take place concerning the dear maiden he could now call his own.

One thing was, she must change her Indian garb for the clothing of civilization. He longed to see her dressed neatly and sweetly in clothing becoming her own sweet self. And then her name was not what he wished it to be, either in the Indian or the English language, although the sound of it

was very interesting in the good old squaw-mother's story.

But how to approach her sensitive nature on these matters without annoying and distressing her, was what perplexed him now. He had talked to her about the dress and customs of the white race, especially about the fair sex; but she never seemed to be very much interested about such things, and never seemed to have a thought that she would ever think of trying to follow their ways in dress, manner or appearance.

Had he known her thoroughly, the knowledge would have saved him all anxiety; for when at length he did speak to her on the subject, she smilingly said: "I am yours now; and I know you will not ask me to do any wrong thing, and so I am willing to do whatever you ask of me in the way of dress and manners—as far as I can. But how can I dress in such clothes as you describe, when I have none, and no way of getting any?"

To which he replied: "I will see that you have them. All I wished to know was if you would be willing to wear them."

When he spoke to her about her name,

she said: "I wish my name to be just what you would like to call me."

Then he said: "My name is John Manker, and I would like to call you Mary."

"Why!" she said, "that was the name of the mother of Jesus; I am not good enough to have that name."

Then he said: "Jesus gave us to understand that any good people were the same to him as his brothers, sisters and mother. And, besides, Jesus had other lady friends by the name of Mary."

"Well," she said, "you know best. It is all right. I will take the name of Mary."

"Then I will call you Mary, my own sweet Mary; and will you call me John?"

"Yes," she replied, "I will call you John, my own dear John."

"God bless you, my darling," was his response.

CHAPTER XII.

THUS the problem that perplexed him so much was amicably settled; and as soon as he could be spared from school and mission duties, he left her to do what she could while

he was absent on a visit to his former home. There he related his experience with the Indians, and finally told his relatives that he was going to marry one of the tribe; at which they were surprised, and resented it in anger. But when he explained the nature of the case, and repeated the aged squaw's story, and described the beauty and goodness of his betrothed, a good degree of their anger disappeared; and one, his favorite sister, learned to listen with pleasure while he talked to her of the dear, good girl he had left in the wild forest. And he prevailed upon her to superintend the buying and making of clothes, by taking herself for the model; as they were about the same size and form; for he had taken his Mary's measure with him. And he had persuaded this same sister's husband to accompany him back to perform the marriage ceremony, as he too was an ordained minister of the gospel.

And, finally, when the time came for their departure, this kind sister concluded to accompany her husband. And as soon as all things were ready, he was anxious to depart; for it was slow traveling in those days. He had ridden a pony to the nearest place

where he could get other and better conveyance; and when they reached the same place, on his return, they procured two other ponies, one of which carried the lady and a small part of the luggage. The second pony carried another small part of the baggage and the men one at a time, as they each got tired of walking. And the third pony carried the remainder of the luggage. Thus we will leave them slowly and wearily proceeding on their way along the Indian trail through the green and leafy forest toward the Indian mission.

Meanwhile, a few days before the coming party arrived, the chief had sent Wildbird and some of the other young braves in search of the missing ponies of the tribe, that had wandered beyond their regular feeding territory. And when the time drew near that the maidens expected their lovers' return, they dressed in their best fringed and bead-embroidered robes and put on their bright silver jewelry, and sat in the door of the wigwam to welcome them home. But becoming tired of watching, they one day sauntered along arm in arm on the well beaten path to the old familiar place, and sat on

the same log where we first found them; and robed in the same style, they sat hand clasped in hand, but O how different the expression of their faces!

The almost fierce, wild anxiety that glittered in Wildflower's face and sparkled in her expectant eye when watching for the bloody scalps, had melted away; and in place of it could be seen the gentle glow of a great, yearning love, ready to manifest itself by any self-denial it might be called upon to practice in behalf of its loved object. And instead of tear-drops in the sad, soft, brown eyes or trembling on the long, black lashes of Whitewing,—as she was still called by all except her lover,—those same expressive eyes now wore a far-off, dreamy, soft glow of love, that shone through them from the depths of her true and loving heart, as they talked of their expected lovers' return, and as they spoke of that being the place where they had both given themselves away.

Whitewing said with a tremor in her voice: "And it was here that I told dear brother Turtle that the words might be said that would make me his for ever. In my mind I meant his sister, but he meant his wife."

And thus they talked of the past events of their lives, not forgetting to mention the joys and sorrows of their wild, free childhood; and Whitewing persisted in intermingling the loving kindness of her dear squaw mother in all the scenes of her past life, and often spoke of the noble kindness of her father-chief. While thus they talked, the lovers returned and met at the wigwam, each looking for his betrothed.

Wildbird said: "Let us go to the trysting place by the brook."

Then they too followed the well beaten path to the favorite retreat; and as they came to view, Wildflower sprang to her feet and hastened toward them. Wildbird quickened his steps, and with joy in his face he kissed the lips that were welcoming him home.

Whitewing had also risen to her feet and stood ready to welcome her lover, when he approached her with outstretched hands, saying: "Thank God we have met again!" And drawing her close to him, he fervently kissed her and received a sweet kiss of welcome in return.

Then each lover led his loved one to her

home. And as once before, when Wildbird and Wildflower took the lead, the couple that followed was a beautiful white maiden lovingly escorted by a tall, straight red man of the forest, noble in bearing and form and possessing a mind capable of being led to nobleness by a loving influence manifested by acts of loving kindness. But now the same beautiful white maiden followed them, as lovingly escorted by one of her own white race.

As Mr. Manker walked along with his Mary, he told her about his sister and her husband being at the mission house, also about the clothes he had brought her, and asked her if she would lay aside her Indian costume and wear the—to her—new style of clothing, for his sake.

She replied: "Most certainly I will. But I would rather not begin to wear the new kind of clothes until I begin to live in the new kind of home."

Then he asked: "Would you rather my sister should see you in the Indian way of dressing?"

"Must I see her so soon?" she asked.

"Why! my dear, the sooner I can intro-

duce my sweet, promised bride to my friends, the better it will please me."

"I should not like," she said, "to wear the new kind of clothes you have brought me, while I am in the wigwam with Wildbird and Wildflower, for fear they might feel hurt to see me dressed differently from themselves;"—thus expressing the sentiment of true politeness, by denying herself the pleasure of doing what she would like to do, for fear it might hurt or annoy someone else; and thus showing that the fountain of that beautiful sentiment is the self-denying love within the heart, whether the kind possessor of such a sentiment is reared in the city of civilization and churches or in untamed nature's wilds.

"Just like my own sweet Mary!" he exclaimed. "Then will you come with me as you are?"

"Not to-day, please."

"Well then, I will wait until tomorrow, and then you will allow me to make you acquainted, will you not?"

"What do you mean by making me acquainted?" she asked.

And then he explained to her the custom

of what is now called introduction, and she said she would try to remember what he had told her. And so, after an affectionate good-bye, he was obliged to return to his friends without her sweet company, leaving her at the door of the wigwam, where she entered to think of Wildflower as being free from the fear of the commission or omission of something that might annoy her lover; as she noticed the two in their innocent and happy free joy together. Mr. Manker's sister, although weary with her long and tiresome journey, was disappointed at seeing him return alone; and when he told her what his Mary had said about being unwilling to wear the new kind of clothes before she was living in the new kind of home, and how he wished she would begin to get accustomed to them before she wore them at her marriage, said: "Do not be anxious about that, my brother. I think we can persuade her to come here often, and put them on for a while each time and replace them with her Indian dress when she returns to her home."

The next day he found her dressed in her fringed and embroidered robes, and waiting to welcome him with a smile of love; and

when he saw her, he said: "Are you ready and willing to go now?"

To which she replied: "Yes, if you think you will not be ashamed of me."

"Ashamed of you? Never! Why, I am proud of you!"

"What! in my Indian dress?" she questioned.

"In anything, my darling!" he said. "So come, for I am anxious to let my dear sister see what a sweet and lovely sister my bride will be to her."

And so they walked on, arm in arm, toward the mission house; and when he led her in on his arm, almost trembling with fear and excitement, and introduced her to his waiting sister and her husband, no wonder they almost started with unexpected surprise. For much as he had tried to describe her beauty, he could not make them perceive by their mental vision alone the soulful beauty that shone in her face and glowed in her expressive eyes, the beautiful windows of her soul, ever expressing the various emotions of that soul of sympathy and love. Being gracious through the natural kindness of her heart, she soon overcame the timidity of

the first meeting of the strangers who she knew were of the same race as herself, so that they were agreeably surprised at her very courteous manner toward them. The admiration they felt was visibly expressed on their faces; and as they became more intimately acquainted with her, they discovered that her physical beauty was only the index to the more beautiful intelligence, purity and kindness of her self-denying soul.

She still helped with the mission work as much as her other duties would permit. Sometimes her intended sister-in-law would accompany her on her rounds among the sick and aged; and although unable to understand the language, she nevertheless felt a warm glow of loving influence, inspiring her with a desire to become more useful in her own life and among her own white race of people. For when she saw the young and beautiful face, that seemed to wear a halo of love, so near the dark and withered Indian faces, she could not but realize how much more pleasantly her own duties of that kind might be performed.

It was easy to see how much the sick and aged of the tribe thought of their beau-

tiful young missionary, and loved to have her near them. Sometimes they would smile with pleasure while she would hold their dark, withered hands in hers, as she talked to them of Jesus or sang some beautiful words the meaning of which they could understand in their own language, which of course she made use of in her visits to them. The sick would sometimes weep at the sound of her sweet voice, as she sang or talked to them of Jesus, the good and beautiful Son of the Great Spirit, who was sent to teach them how to be good, that they might have a home in the happy hunting ground when they crossed the dark river called death. No wonder they were glad to see her come and sad to see her depart; for her motive, and her effort, were to cheer and comfort, and to encourage them to be good and to do good, that they might be the dear brothers and sisters of the gentle and loving Jesus.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the intervening weeks before the marriage, Whitewing often went to the mission

house in compliance with her lover's wishes, to accustom herself to the strange new apparel he wished her to become used to wearing in which she at first felt very awkward. The long skirts and stiff shoes hampered her feet, the long sleeves muffled her hands, and the corset (stays) stiffened her body out of all suppleness. Therefore she always felt great relief, when she slipped out of the unaccustomed costume, and into her Indian garb. But for the sake of pleasing the one so dear to her, she persevered uncomplainingly, and at length she got so she could wear them with some degree of comfort before it had become requisite for her to wear them continually.

Meanwhile Mr. Custy worked and preached along with Mr. Manker, his brother-in-law, trying to convince the more wild and indifferent Indians of the tribe, of the goodness of God, the great Spiritual Father of all the tribes of the earth, who sent them the warm sunshine to comfort and warm them, and who sent the wild game into the hunting ground, and who taught their forefathers how to make bows and arrows, also other things they require in order to secure

their food, and all things they need to give them comfort, and who gave them all things they had to enjoy here—which of course were few and simple compared to what the people of civilization require to satisfy their idea of what constitutes the comforts of life—and to teach them that it was well pleasing to their great, good Father, God, when he saw they were trying to do some good every day, if it was only to speak a pleasant word or help some one to lift a heavy burden. But Mr. Manker was unwilling to have anything like a God of vengeance or cruelty preached to them, and always read those portions of Scripture to them that might win their love and gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

When another small log house had been built and furnished with simple home-made things for use, ignoring the thought or expectation of very much comfort or any luxury from the use of them, and all other things were settled and fixed satisfactorily to all concerned, the day was chosen for the marriage of Mr. Manker to Mary and Wildbird to Wildflower. And when the appointed day arrived, and the brides and grooms were

dressed for the occasion and stood conversing together before the ceremony took place, they formed a picture any painter might have been pleased to place on his canvas.

Mary, dressed in her simple but neatly made white dress, needed no other ornaments to bedeck her neat little form and beautiful face than the shower of black ringlets bound back by the pink ribbon tied in a bow where once the silver star shone, and the glow of love that shone from her happy soul through her beautiful eyes, to make her look in the eyes of her lover like a lovely young princess, as he beheld her now standing a little distance from him. Wildflower's tall, straight and supple form attired in her fringed and bead-bespangled Indian robes and shining silver jewelry, the veil of long, straight, black hair bound back by the beaded band with the starry center sparkling in the light, as if vying with the bright sunshine of the joyous love that shone in her eyes of jet, looked like the forest queen her lover once compared her to in his own mind.

The noble, manly beauty of the happy grooms was heightened by the joyful expression of triumphant love that was so plainly

visible on each of their faces. Wildbird, as if out of respect for his Indian bride, was in full Indian dress, even to having his jet black, curly head plumed with the feathers plucked from the eagle's wing. His red stained Indian robe and tan-colored leggings fringed with the log-haired strips cut from the tanned skins of the buffalo, and his feet encased in the bead-bespangled moccasins his Wildflower had made and trimmed for him to wear on this special occasion, looked very interesting to those new-comers, who were so little accustomed to the Indian manners, dress and customs. But he had a splendid, manly form, and his handsome, bearded face shone through all his (to them) queer Indian garb. Mr. Manker, dressed in a neat and becoming suit of civilization, looked handsome, as the happy expression of the love from his heart glowed all over his face and sparkled in his eyes.

When the hour arrived, many of the Indians came to witness the ceremony, it being the wish of Whitewing that her Indian friends should have the privilege of witnessing her marriage, if they wished to do so. Consequently the ceremony was performed in

the open air, under the shade of the wild and leafy forest trees. Wildflower and Wildbird in their (to Mr. and Mrs. Custy's eyes) quaint Indian apparel standing as bridesmaid and groomsman for Mr. Manker and Whitewing, and the dark-faced braves and squaws standing in a half circle at the back of the bridal party, and all surrounded and canopied by the forest trees with the sunshine flecking all beneath, formed a picture that Mrs. Custy long retained in her memory, and often wished could have been put on canvas by some able painter's brush.

After Mr. Manker and Whitewing had been pronounced husband and wife, they changed places with Wildbird and Wildflower, and the few words were again repeated, "changing the maiden to a bride." Then the company knelt in prayer and thanks; and when, on rising, the bridal party struck into the tune and words of one of the beautiful hymns the Indians loved so well to hear, as many of them as could, joined their voices with the rest. The singing being ended, each groom kissed his bride and then led her through the crowd to shake hands with the pleased and happy Indians, every one of

which that were present received a biscuit, except the chief, who received two; and those too aged or too sick to come had one sent to them.

And then they each and all went to their respective homes, Wildbird and his bride to the wigwam, Mr. and Mrs. Manker to the mission house, and Mr. and Mrs. Custy to the new small log house. And as Whitewing had received instructions of her kind-hearted sister-in-law in the way of house-keeping according to the rules of the whites, and was very intelligent and pliable, she soon mastered the art of cooking plain articles of food, and also other things about common housework and plain sewing on such materials as herself and family would henceforth wear. Therefore she was not at a loss to know how to make her new style of home comfortable for her husband, or his meals palatable and refreshing.

And in the new relations of life she felt that home duties came first on the list calling for attention, and her husband's kind and tender love and appreciation amply repaid her for all the pains she had taken; for often in his fond caresses he would tell her

she was the joy and comfort of his life. But although so anxiously employed at home, she did not entirely desert her missionary work; for any spare time she had aside from her home duties, she employed by visiting the aged and sick, to talk to them about the Great Good Spirit sending his dear good Son from the happy hunting ground to teach them how to do some good every day. She told them his name was Jesus, and that he had made it easy for them to do a little good every day; for he said in his good book that if they only gave some one a drink of water, it was doing good, and if they only spoke a pleasant word or gave a pleasant smile, that was doing good and was pleasing to him; for the good book says he went about all the time doing good, to show the palefaces how to do good, that they might teach the Indians when they found them, so that all the tribes of the earth might be his brothers and sisters and the dear children of his Father.

Thus she would talk to them, and sing and pray with the sick and aged. And now that she had food different from what the Indians had, and knew that the very plainest would be a luxury to them, she always

took a little of something to those who she thought most needed it; and if it had been necessary, she would through the kind generosity of her heart have divided her own share with them.

On returning from one of these missionary visits, she met Black Bear with a dark frown on his brow; but she smiled and spoke pleasantly to him, to which he only grunted and passed on—not far however ere he lithely and stealthily retraced his steps, and overtaking her, grasped her long and beautiful ringlets, jerking her head back.

She gave a little scream, and turning her frightened face to him, said: "Oh! Black Bear, what do you want?"

"Oh!" said he, "if I had my scalping knife here, I would spoil the palefaced missionary's beautiful bride!"

"Why!" she said, "what have I ever done to you, that you should wish to kill me?"

"You gave yourself to him instead of me; but I would rather scalp him than you."

"Why! what has he ever done to you, that you would kill him?"

He stole you away from me."

"Listen, Black Bear," she said. The missionary never said one word of love to me till six moons had passed after Turtle died. You came two moons after he died, and talked love to me; and I told you I would be your true friend, but I could be nothing more, for I could love you only as a friend. And so I considered all such things were settled for ever between us. And listen again while I tell you that if the missionary had even thought that I was listening to your, or any of the other young braves' love talk, he never would have breathed his own love story to me. And so let us be friends all together, and have a good time; for it may be that some of us may very soon be called to leave this sometimes dreary hunting ground for the beautiful one over there, where we will live in peace and love."

Thus talking, she tried to influence him to meet the disappointments of life in a right spirit. But it would take more than one effort of a loving influence manifested through acts of loving kindness to tone down the great disappointment of his wild, fierce love. So when she offered her hand for a friendly clasp, he refused his hand in return,

and walked sullenly away, while she stood watching him until he was hid in the forest, never once looking back.

Then she turned and hastened home to attend to her duties there. But she did not then tell her husband of the meeting, for fear he would be anxious for her when she was away from home.

CHAPTER XIV.

THROUGH the efforts of all the missionary workers combined, the good cause prospered in strength and extension, until a goodly number sought to be united with the workers by repentance and faith and through the ordinance of baptism and the sacrament, after these ordinances had been fully and clearly explained to them, each one being allowed to choose their own mode of baptism--some preferring immersion, some sprinkling, while others chose to kneel in the brook and have the water poured on their heads; the last mode being the choice of Mrs. Manker, and the brook known to her nearly all her life being the place and the water chosen.

She said to her husband: "By the side of that same beautiful brook I gave myself to Turtle to be his sister for ever, and there I gave myself to you to be your wife for ever, and now in its pure and silvery bright waters I will give myself to Christ to be his servant for ever, to do his work and will whenever it is made known to me. He shall be my Master; for has he not said: 'Call no man your master on earth, for one is your Master, even Christ?' "

For reply, he drew her close to his heaving breast, full of the love he could not express in words, but only in kisses he pressed on her beautiful face.

When they were assembled to perform the ordinance of baptism, many said, "Let Whitewing be first;" but she said, "Not so, my dear friends; let your good and noble chief, the one you have chosen to lead you in all things, even in the war path if it ever be necessary, lead you now in the peace path toward the happy hunting ground beyond the dark river."

The chief, not considering this any part of his work, did not interfere with it in anyway. And so they consented, with the un-

derstanding that Mrs. Manker (Whitewing as they called her) should be the next one to receive what they called the blessing of baptism. Then the chief, a tall, straight, noble figure of brave manhood that his Indian garments could not disguise, with a face the expression of which indicated intelligence, firmness and kindness, came to the front, and stepping down into the water to be buried with Christ in immersion, was a spectacle to make manly hearts throb with, and womanly eyes shed tears of gladness.

And when the beautiful words of a baptismal hymn arose on the air from a hundred throats as the happy chief came out of the water, the beautiful story of John the Baptist in the wilderness baptizing in the river Jordan seemed to be repeating itself. The company then sought the place by the brook the reader has so often visited with us, where the water was shallow; and Mrs. Manker, attired in a plain white dress, with no ornaments save the veil of long black ringlets bound back by a pure white ribbon tied in a bow where the bright star sparkled at her first marriage, and the pink ribbon peeped out with its delicate hue of joyous

love in her second marriage, stepped into the brook, and kneeling in the midst of the sparkling stream, her hands folded together in the attitude of prayer, her gently poised head bent in devotion, was a picture fit for Raphael's pencil and brush, with the dark Indian faces and quaintly attired forms standing three or four deep on the gentle slope rising from the side of the stream, and their ponies interspersed among the trees of the forest whose overhanging branches shading them from the early summer sun, for a background to the lovely picture.

When the name of Mary was bestowed upon her in connection with that of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and the baptismal waters poured on her devoted head, she raised her happy face heavenward with almost a halo of bright joy spread over it, as the beautiful words again floated out on the summer air in the strong, musical voices of the Indians. Her husband took her by the hand and led her out of the clear, rippling waters of the brook, whispering: "My own darling Mary." But much as she loved him and appreciated his endearing words of love, she scarcely realized them at that time, her

aspiring soul being too full of the higher and purer love of heaven to comprehend the highest love of earth.

The next to walk down into the baptismal waters was her handsome brother leading his Indian wife, both dressed in their plain Indian garments of deerskin. They knelt side by side in the flowing stream, he still retaining her hand in his, their heads bent in devotion, to have their Indian names bestowed upon them in connection with that of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and to feel the baptismal waters flow gently over their bowed heads. And while the beautiful words again floated out on the air in song, they arose to their feet, and joining in the singing, they walked out of the sparkling brook, he still holding her hand, and with his other arm about her waist he supported her swaying form; and as they stepped out of the water on to the bank, joy was beaming in their expressive faces.

And then, one by one, the remaining candidates for baptism received their names in connection with the holy names of the divine Trinity; and after listening and responding to prayers for their steadfastness in

the time of adversity and trial, they all joined in singing a hymn of praise and thanksgiving; and the benediction being pronounced, each quietly and orderly sought their respective homes.

And those who had become really and truly converted from their wild, warlike ways, and their nature subdued until it had become more like the mild and peaceable Christlike nature, who had turned from hate and revenge to love and forgiveness, stood more firm and true to their religious principles, and were more devoted to the service of religion than white converts generally are in civilization,—perhaps because they are not surrounded by so much temptation and so much to lead them on to aspire after the pride and vanities of the world.

But those not yet converted to the way of Christianity still indulged in their heathenish practices and pastimes, one of which was the sun dance, where the young braves cut and tore their bodies, to show their courage and fortitude in suffering.

After one of these absurd scenes, in which Black Bear participated, he went to meet Mrs. Manker, as he knew she was on

her way home from visiting a sick squaw, and there in the woods he displayed his cut and torn breast and arms to her, and said: "See here, Whitewing! would I not have been brave to protect you, if you had given yourself to me? My willing arm would have received the blow of the scalping knife to save the beautiful scalp from being torn from your head. The piercing arrow should have gone through my breast before it could have pierced yours. The flesh should have been torn from my back while I held you in my arms to protect you from the teeth and claws of the bear and wolf. If it would not have been so, then why these torn and bleeding gashes, to show you what I could and would have done for you? Will your palefaced missionary do and suffer for you as I would?"

While he thus talked to her, the color left her cheeks and the tears filled her sad brown eyes to overflowing.

"O Black Bear!" she said, "I am so sorry that you cannot understand. O listen to me! God the Great Spirit gave you that fine manly body for your still more noble spiritual form to dwell in while you are here on this hunting ground, where storms and trouble

sometimes come to annoy us; but he wishes you to take all the good care of it you can, while you are doing the duties of this life. If it were necessary to protect your dear ones from scalping knives or wild beasts, then it would be your duty to protect them; and I believe you would do so. But it is not your duty to cut and slash the body given you, just to show what you could or would do. If the time should ever come for you to do such great, good and brave deeds, then it would be right and proper for you to show your brave courage in protecting your friends in the best way you could, with the least injury to yourself. But O! I am so sorry you have hurt yourself so much, just to show what you would do for me! I know you are suffering. I can see the agony in your face. Is there anything I can do for you?"

He could not stand her pity, and so he walked away. And she proceeded on her way home with many sad thoughts. A few days after the above conversation with him, she was out picking some fresh wild berries for tea, and thinking she heard a groan, she listened attentively until she perceived from what direction it came; and following the

sound of the repeated groans, she came to the suffering form of poor Black Bear, groaning in agony from his festering sores and fever caused by the inflammation, until he had nearly lost his senses.

She bent over him and said: "Poor Black Bear, what can I do for you?"

He opened his eyes, stared wildly at her, and closed them again with a groan. She left him, and hastening home, she sought and found her husband, and commenced in her excitement thus: "O, my dear husband, do not be angry with me!"

"Angry with you! Why, my darling wife, have I ever been angry with you?"

"No," she replied, "but perhaps you will think I have done wrong in not telling you before. But listen, and I will tell you all now."

And seeing her excitement, he led her to a stool, and seating her he occupied another by her side, saying: "I am ready to listen to you now, my dear wife."

Then she related to him all her experience with Black Bear, word for word as nearly as she could remember, and from first to last.

Then she said: "The reason I have not told you before, was because you might object to my going to visit the poor, sick and aged ones of the tribe; or if you did not in your kindness prevent me from going, I was afraid you would suffer from anxiety when I was out. And now please listen to my proposition. It is to have you help Black Bear to come here, so we can care for and comfort him; for I have long wished for an opportunity to help him to find the right way to a true and good life, so he may be happy. Then, my dear husband, let us act the part of the good Samaritan and dress his wounds and take care of him; for there is a germ of divine goodness in his soul, although it may be almost dormant. Yet it is there; for loving me as he has with his wild, fierce love in his untaught nature, he would have sought to obtain revenge before now, if he had no good whatever in his soul. And if we can bring the power of loving influence to bear upon that divine germ through acts of loving kindness, it may develop into a bright, sparkling gem to give light to some of the dark, benighted natures around it, that the latent goodness they possess may be quickened into more life and light."

"You are right, my dear wife," he said, "and it shall be as you wish, for I think your plan is worth trying."

And finding his brother-in-law, he asked him to help him to bring the poor, suffering creature to the mission house. They followed Mrs. Manker, as she led them to the place where she had left him. He still lay there groaning, and too sick and sore to do anything toward helping himself. Therefore Wildbird returned to his wigwam and brought a large buffalo skin, and they placed him on it and carried him to the mission house; and there the men bathed, dressed and bound up his wounds, while Mrs. Manker made some cooling drink from berry juice to quench his burning thirst. For many days she wet his parched lips and burning mouth, and cooked various kinds of food that would have been luxuries to him had he been in his natural state of good health, but which in his suffering state she could hardly prevail on him to taste.

In taking her turn with Wildflower and Mrs. Custy in watching by his bed of skins, —which he seemed to prefer to any other sort of couch,—she was forcibly reminded of

her dear brother Turtle's death bed, while she fanned his burning brow or brushed away the annoying flies with a brush from a forest tree as often as she could through the hot summer days. It was many days before they could have much hope of his recovery; but at length, through their kind watchful care and cleanliness, his wounds began to heal, and the fever and thirst began to abate, and he could begin to relish the food that was offered him.

On awaking one afternoon and finding Mrs. Manker seated by his bed, keeping the flies off his face, he said: "Whitewing, I am better; the kindness of you and the missionary and his friends has made me better."

"I am very glad that you are better," she said, "but you are weak and must sleep and rest; and when you are strong, we will talk."

One morning shortly after he realized that he was better, as the dawn was beginning to brighten the eastern sky, he awoke out of a sound and refreshing sleep to see Mrs. Manker, pale and weary, sitting by his bed, and said to her: "Whitewing, you are tired and sleepy; why do you tire yourself so much for my sake?"

She said: "Have I not told you that I was your friend? And being your friend, it is my duty to tire my body, if it is able to endure the weariness, for the sake of doing something to help and care for a friend who might need my assistance, or any one else that I might have a chance to help. But if no one needs my help or care, then it is my duty to take good care of the body that the Great Good Spirit has given me to dwell in here, until he takes my spirit body up into the spirit land or happy hunting ground. But while I am here, it is well pleasing to him, and therefore my duty, to try to do a little good for somebody or something every day; and some days I may have a chance to do a great deal of good, as did Jesus, the good and beautiful Son of the Great Spirit, whom he sent here to teach us that it is our duty to be good, and do all the good we can, and to take care of the bodies he has given us to use."

He would listen with attention to all she said, and to the New Testament stories she read to him in his own language; and when she sang the beautiful words of the hymns she knew, he was greatly moved. Mr. Man-

ker and Mr. Custy often talked and prayed with him; and when he was well enough to leave, he thanked them, and told them if they were ever in trouble to let him know, and he would help them, if he had to face death to do it.

And to Mrs. Manker he said: "Whitewing, I love you still, but with a different kind of love; it is a brotherly love now. You say we are all the children of the Great Spirit; then you are my dear sister. It was wrong for me to give you the kind of love I did after you had become a wife. Will you forgive what I said to you in the woods?"

She reached her hand to him, saying: "With all my heart, my brother. And may God bless you."

And clasping hands in the truest and kindest of friendship, thus they parted for that time. But he sometimes visited them and brought them venison, hominy or something he thought might be of use to them.

Once again he met Mrs. Manker alone in the woods, and clasping the hand she extended to him, with a pleased expression on his face, he said: "How are you, my dear sister?"

She replied: "Well and happy; how are you, my brother?"

"I am well and happy. I do not feel like the same one I used to be. Some sweet, kind feeling seems to fill me all full and make me love every one and wish to do some good for anyone who needs my help. Can you tell me what it is?"

"It is the good seed the Great Spirit placed in your spirit body, that is growing and filling your spirit body until it makes your outside body feel full and happy."

"Thank you. That is plain and easy to know," he said. And then each went on their own way.

CHAPTER XV.

A SHORT time before the snow fell, Mr. and Mrs. Custy bade their friends and relatives farewell, and started on their long and wearisome journey to their eastern home, Mr. Manker escorting them to the first white settlement in order to take back the ponies they required for their journey that far. His wife took charge of his work as best she

could in his absence. On his return they both sought to use their time and talents to the best advantage for school and missionary work, not forgetting to engage and encourage the converts in the good work. When the hunters returned from the chase, many of the converts presented the missionary with venison and bear-meat, and some with skins after they were tanned. Black Bear tanned a beautifully spotted fawn-skin, very soft, and presented it to Mrs. Manker. When any of these presents came, Mr. and Mrs. Manker always took the opportunity to remind the giver that they were counted in and passed for so much of the practice of doing some good every day.

Black Bear, with the sanction and encouragement of the good and noble chief, tried to explain to the young braves the absurdity of needlessly torturing their bodies to show their courage, and tried to convince them that it was much more noble and sensible to save their strength and fortitude until such time as it might be required to do something that would be hard to do. And to draw their interest and attract their attention, he told them that a beautiful angel

with white wings—as indeed Mrs. Manker had appeared to his fevered brain—had come to him while he was suffering from the cruel wounds he had so foolishly inflicted on his body, and she had explained to him the foolishness of such things, and convinced him that it was his duty to take care of his body, and to use it hard only when it was required to do so in order to do some good deed that required such hard usage of the body. Some of the young braves were glad to hear of that being the right way, while others despised the thought and said it was because they were afraid of being hurt—the reason they were glad.

One year after their marriage, Wildbird and Wildflower were made glad by the birth of a little daughter; and they gave her the appropriate name of Whitewing, for she grew to very much resemble her beautiful aunt, except the darker hue of complexion. But that was not dark enough to hide the glow of English blood that tinted her soft round cheek and dyed her lips a crimson. Her large, expressive, brown eyes seemed to have been transplanted from her aunt's face to her own; and when her hair had grown enough

to show what it would be like, it was discovered that her head would be adorned with glossy black waves and ringlets.

In the hazy Indian Summer afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. Manker also rejoiced in the birth of a little daughter; after which Mrs. Manker felt that her Heavenly Father was leading her in a new path of duty, and that her home and her household demanded the main part of her time and attention. Meantime, if she saw an opportunity to do a kind act, speak a pleasant word or give a smiling welcome outside of her own home surroundings, she was always ready and glad to do so.

In time two sons were added to Wildbird's family, in which distinctly appeared a combination of both the father's and mother's features, form and complexion; and they partook largely of the Indian nature. In course of time a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Manker; and as all enjoyed the blessing of good health, and as both children grew in stature, grace and beauty, and the power of a loving influence pervaded them, and shed its halo around the family circle, their home seemed to be a reflection from the paradise of Eden. Mrs. Manker once, and

only once, asked her husband if he thought he would have been happier if he had married a maiden reared in what he called society.

"Happier!" he said, "no! no! a thousand times no! Why, my dear wife, you have no idea! There is not one in five hundred of such maidens who, if brought to such a home as this, would not fret, weep and scold, until they would nearly distract themselves and every one else in the sound of their complaints."

Then opening her beautiful eyes in wonderment, she said: "Surely not, if they had such a dear good husband as you are!"

"Why, my dear, many a man better than I am, has been driven to the verge of despair by such wives; and some by their extravagance or intemperance in dress and home furnishings have caused their husbands to become thieves to obtain money to support their foolish wives' endless extravagance; and often husbands are driven to the barroom and to drunkenness—such as I have explained to you—that they may forget their wretchedly unhappy homes."

"Why, I wonder," she said, "that young

men are not afraid to marry any of those society maidens. I should think they would be afraid to venture, if all but one in five hundred would be as bad as that."

"Oh, I did not mean to give you the impression that that was the average throughout the length and breadth of civilization, or even of what is called society; but that is a specimen of many of them, and who is supposed to be able to judge who are the most worthy of them, by their manner of dress and appearance? But let me explain about the five hundred, of which I mean there is not one, of what we call society ladies, in five hundred, that would be contented to live in a home like this little log house, with only one little window, one door, bare floor save home-made mats, no furniture save home-made bedstead, table, stools and one home-made rocking chair for the use of rocking the babe to sleep, and a few other furnishings that correspond; and yet we are contented and happy. No, my darling, I would not exchange my home, as long as it contains my precious jewels, for the grandest palaces in the world without the sweet loving influence that pervades my own humble home."

At which she looked with pleasure shining in her eyes, and said: "I am glad, my dear husband, that you are satisfied; but I am sorry," she said,—the pleased expression giving place to one of sadness,—"that so many husbands have to be disappointed. But are all society men and husbands good?"

"No, indeed; but that is the other side of the question. There are a good many unworthy men who perhaps would be unworthy under any circumstances, and some are driven to badness, as I have said; and others who might have been won to goodness, if their wives had proved to be what they expected they were, and had wrapped them about with the power of a loving influence manifested by acts of loving kindness. Oh! that more women could be made to understand that their mission is to win to goodness by a gentle, loving influence—which is so powerful—all with whom they may come in contact, but especially those of their immediate household."

Thus they often conversed together in their humble but happy home.

Sometimes Mrs. Manker fancied she detected a sad expression in her brother's hand-

some face; and one day, as they were conversing together about each other's children, she felt quite sure she was right in her conjecture, and said: "Dear brother, I have thought for some time that your face wore a sad expression. If you are in any trouble, may I know the cause of your trouble?"

"Yes, dear sister, I will tell you; for I do feel anxious, and perhaps you can tell me whether I ought to worry about my children not being purely white. But do not think for a moment that I am dissatisfied with my dear, faithful, devoted wife. I often think she is too good for me; for I think she would sacrifice her life for me and our children, if she thought it was necessary. But what will my children think, and how will they feel toward me, if they live to the years of understanding?"

"Well, my dear brother, I feared at the time you were making a mistake; but now that you have your good wife and dear little ones, be thankful that your dear wife is so good, do your duty in caring for your children, and in teaching them to be good and to do good; then leave the rest with God. And to bring back the naturally cheerful

expression to your face, remember that none stays here very long, and to get over there, the spirit bodies of all have to pass through the same river called death, that washes away their outward form and makes them all alike. This we know, because when an Indian becomes converted, he tells of feelings in his spirit body, just the same as a white man does when he is converted. So do not look sad, my brother, to make your dear ones feel sad."

"I believe, my sister, what you advise is the only right way for me to act; and I will try to act according to your advice, for the sake of my dear wife; for I know it would grieve her very much if she thought I was anxious on that account."

By listening to his sister's good and sensible advice, Wildbird became reconciled to the mistake he had made in his marriage—a mistake that his sister's good sense had prevented her from making; for although she had married Turtle, it was only to please him in his few last dying hours, giving him only the sweet, pure, sisterly love she had always bestowed upon him.

Mr. Manker, having to go east to his for-

mer home on some business, very much wished to have his wife accompany him; but she, being disinclined, said: "I would rather not go, my dear husband. I fear I would feel strangely out of place in the midst of so much grandeur, and with people so different from those I have always been accustomed to; and perhaps I might say or do something that would be very mortifying to you."

"O Mary, my dear wife, do not for a moment imagine such a thing; on the contrary, I would be proud of your every word and action; and the longer you were there and the better known, the prouder I would be. For the longer you would be in the company of those I expect to see, the more you would be admired and loved."

"Well, then, my dear husband, there are two very good reasons why I should not go. One is because we could not stay away from our work here long enough for me to be so much admired, and the other is because it would be very wrong for you to get so proud. And then I have a reason of my own; it is that I would be afraid to walk about among the great, grand houses, churches and other

grand buildings you have told me about. I feel sure I might get lost among them; although I can wander in every direction among these dear old forest trees, and know just where I want to go, and get there, without any fear of not knowing just where I am, and how to get back to the starting point."

When he saw she was so unwilling to go, and considered the tiresome journey, he very reluctantly dispensed with her sweet company, and decided to take his ten-year-old daughter—who was almost the exact image of her mother, with the exception of her luxuriant curls partaking of the brown shade of her father's chestnut wavy locks.

Her mother was more than willing that she should accompany her father, knowing that he would take every possible means to make the journey and visit as easy and pleasant as it was in his power to do, and she cheerfully said: "Tommy and I will get along nicely here together; he is so much like you that he would constantly remind me of you, both by his looks and actions. That is, if I would ever need a reminder."

"And, my dear wife," he said, "could I

ever forget you, I would see your clear image in our dear daughter's face and form."

The few simple preparations were soon made, the parting kisses exchanged, the goodbyes said, and Tommy and his mother were left alone, to care for the missionary work as best they could, the few weeks the husband and father would be absent.

CHAPTER XVI.

HAVING more time to spare, Mrs. Manker took her little son by the hand, and leading him from wigwam to wigwam, taught him good Christian missionary work, by letting him see by her own kind, gentle example, how to influence and draw the attention and interest of those who listened to the beautiful story of the blessed Jesus. For she would tell it to them in such plain and beautiful words, and picture so charmingly the love of the Father—to them the Great Spirit—in sending his Son to teach them how to live right, that it led them to look upon

God as a Father of great love and mercy, and Jesus as a kind and loving Brother, and to love and trust him as such. This kind of work being so pleasing to her, the time seemed to pass more swiftly while awaiting the loved ones' return.

Meantime they were trying to enjoy themselves in their visiting; and little Martha succeeded after she got somewhat used to the—to her—strange new scenes, ways and things. But Mr. Manker had hard work to keep the desire to return to his humble but happy home hidden behind the appearance of enjoyment; and when his business was settled and his visit was over, he then had hard work to keep his eager restlessness in subjection until he could once more clasp his dear and still beautiful wife to his yearning heart, quavering with joyful love, and read once more the story of pure wedded love in her lovely eyes expressing the beautiful language of her happy soul. And when at length he reached the end of his journey, such was the meeting they enjoyed, as the kisses of welcome home were given, received and returned. And how glad the parents were to see their children re-united in a joy-

ful embrace, their own hearts alone could tell.

And the pleasure the loving father felt in once more embracing and kissing his noble little son, could only be equalled by the pleasure the mother felt in drawing once more to her loving heart her sweet and beautiful little daughter. After the joyful and happy meeting was over, they knelt in heartfelt gratitude and thanked the good Father of mercies for his kind care over each and all of them in their separation; and for the safe return of the absent ones and the joy they felt in being again united.

For some weeks there were many new subjects for their home conversations, especially for the little ones. Little Tommy's big grey eyes would expand very wide while listening to his sister's stories of the strange and beautiful things she had seen and heard in her visit; one of which was the greatest wonder, being what she called a big beautiful table that sang nice tunes when any one would strike it with their fingers.

After a while the strangeness of the strange things became an old story, and all things settled into their accustomed quiet

and peaceful way. And for two years longer their happy home was enjoyed without any trouble unusual to the common ways of pioneer missionary life. But oh! soon after that a fearful change awaited that Eden home, that was so sweetly governed by a loving influence. For Mrs. Manker's health began to fail, slowly at first, but persistently, in spite of careful attention and medicine—of which Mr. Manker always kept a good supply on hand. Mr. and Mrs. Custy learning of their sister's poor health decided to visit the mission once more, as they had always thought they would do at some future time. When they arrived there, they were very much shocked and distressed to see the sad change in the beautiful face and form to which they had bade farewell a few years before.

Hence joy and sorrow, hope and fear were intermingled with the pleasure of once more being united, the joy of which for a short time seemed to have a salutary effect on Mrs. Manker's health; but when the reaction came, she was laid low, never again to leave her bed by her own strength or effort. And who can tell how sad the change in that once happy home? And where, O where! is

the language that can express the sorrow of that loving husband's aching heart, as he watched by the bed of his darling, suffering wife, and saw the cruel, raging fever consuming her very vitals, and hiding behind a cloud of oblivion the otherwise quick and bright intellect until only for a few moments at a time could he make himself known to her and catch a few intelligent words, as a rift in the clouds permitted a ray of light to gleam upon him from the bright star of intelligence that still shone behind the dark and foggy cloud?"

Once it was suggested by some one that it might be well to cut off her beautiful curls, to relieve her burning head and neck. She had always preserved them in their natural form, hanging around her neck and shoulders, only tied back by a ribbon, for the sake she said of her dear brother Turtle. And as if his disembodied spirit was watching over them and had aroused her to plead for their preservation, she with a startled "no! no!" laid her hands on each side of her head, saying, "My brother Turtle will not know me, if they are cut off! Don't cut them off!"

"No, no, my darling," said her husband, "they shall not be cut off! I will take care of them for you."

"Thank you; they are safe now," she murmured, and then receded behind the cloud of oblivion again.

And although in the few remaining days of her life in the body, the mourning veil of black ringlets was often drawn from beneath her feverish neck and shoulders, and spread over the snowy pillow around the still beautiful face of the dying saint, she never again showed the least care or anxiety about them, but seemed to rest assured that they were safe.

Not only were her white relatives troubled and anxious about the danger they were in of losing her; but anxiety was in many a wigwam, and pictured on many a sad, dark face that came to the door of the mission to ask for their dear, beautiful Whitewing. But none were more anxiously solicitous to manifest their kind sympathy than Black Bear, who was ever ready to do whatever might be of use or comfort to Mr. Manker. At length, after many days and nights of watching and hoping she might be able to say a few more

rational words to comfort their sad hearts, she opened her eyes; and the beautiful expression added to the naturally sweet smile, told that her pure and loving soul had struggled through the dark cloud of oblivion, as the setting sun just before his departure, ere he sets in the approaching night, sheds forth his glorious hues, dyeing the dark clouds that obscured his shining face, with the beauty and brilliancy of many colors combined.

She reached her trembling hand to her friends, and each pressed it to their lips. Even Black Bear seeing the rest do so, followed the example; and she smiled on him as sweetly as on the rest.

But when she reached her hand for her children, the expression of her countenance was that of love and sorrow combined. As she turned her face toward them and saw the tears and felt them drop on her hand, she made an effort to speak, and said: "Darlings, do not weep; be good and do good. Kiss mother goodbye." And with heart-breaking sobs they kissed the lips that had so often kissed theirs.

Then turning her beautiful eyes with

their soft expression of tender love to her husband, who stood pale and trembling in his hard, dry, stony grief, she said: "My darling, you have gone with me as far as you can. I am now on the brink of the dark river. But Jesus has come. He says: 'It is I; be not afraid.' His rod and his staff, they comfort me. He upholds and leads me by his right hand. You will come soon. Kiss me farewell, darling."

And then, as if awaking out of a paralytic fit, he bowed down to his sorrow; and seeming lost to everything else, he pressed his pale, trembling lips to hers; and the last breath that escaped from her lips was a kiss on his own, as her sweet, pure soul was borne by spirit birth into the spirit land. And the beautiful casket was left to be laid by the side of her brother Turtle, as she had requested it should be, while yet she had control of her mental faculties. The children were led away by Mrs. Custy, their weeping aunt. The white lids with their long black lashes, were closed, hiding the beautiful orbs once so expressive of the sweet and gentle soul of love just escaped to the paradise above. The limbs were straightened; and

still the devoted and stricken husband knelt by the bed, pressing his bowed face in the palm of the dead hand that lay so still and passive in his own. At length his two brothers-in-law approached him and gently raised him to his feet, where he stood gazing on the face and form to him so dear, and groaned forth his agony; but no tears escaped to relieve his bursting heart, although all the others were weeping around him except Black Bear, whose face seemed to wear a joyful expression. And when he saw the hopeless grief pictured on Mr. Manker's face, he said: "Let us pray."

And when kneeling, he poured out his soul in such beautiful language of thankfulness to the Great Good Spirit for the privilege and blessing they had all enjoyed in the mortal existence of her who had just passed on to her eternal reward in a higher and better existence, he said: "We have lost the sight of her beautiful face and form, lost the sound of her sweet voice; but our earthly loss is her heavenly gain, and we may yet feel the loving influence of her freed and happy spirit, when sent to bear to us messages of peace and comfort. And may the comforting mes-

sage come now to our dear brother, teaching him and helping him to say: 'Thy will be done!' May the Great Spirit's good and beautiful Son, of whom she so often spoke to us, be near to do him good and heal his poor, sore heart, that he may be able to do some of the good work our Whitewing used to do, so we may not forget what she did for and said to us."

CHAPTER XVII.

When they arose to their feet, Black Bear stepped up to Mr. Manker, and taking him by the arm, said: "Will you come with me, my brother?" For reply, he allowed himself to be led away from the bed; and going out of the house, they seated themselves on a rude seat beneath the wide-spreading branches of a maple tree where he had often sat with his darling Mary, and then the pent-up tears began to flow. Seeing which, Black Bear, still having a little of the Indian distaste for weeping, excused him by saying:

"Jesus wept when his friend died; then it can not be a disgrace to weep when our dear ones die."

And those flowing tears moistened, as it were, the hard crust seared over his heart and brain by the fiery furnace of affliction; and by degrees little ripples of light broke in here and there, showing him his duty to his children, his work, and to the memory of his loved but departed one, and teaching him to feel

> " 'Twas better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

But by degrees he learned to feel that she was not lost, but only gone before.

And being acquainted with her nearly all her life, either by actual observation or by having portions of her life explained to him by those who did know her before he had that pleasure, and when he had gathered to himself all the information he could concerning her, he wrote the foregoing biography of her beautiful and useful life. His sister, learning what his intentions were, added her observations of the time of his marriage, of the missionary work she saw

her perform, and also of his stony grief at the time of his beloved's death.

And so by the united efforts of Mrs. Custy, Wildbird, Wildflower, Black Bear and other Indian friends added to his own efforts, this story, showing the power of a loving influence when manifested by acts of loving kindness, was put in manuscript form and handed down from generation to generation, until it fell into my hands; and I, wishing to perpetuate the much-needed power of loving influence, have copied it, leaving out most of the Indian words that were quite plentifully sprinkled through it, also discarding the old-fashioned words and phrases used in expressing thoughts of long ago.

But now I will let my far distant relative express his own thoughts to the end; only I will still adhere to the use of modern words to express his thoughts, which are these:—

"My dearly beloved wife, I have written your good and beautiful life all out in full, partly that I may read it occasionally to enable me to endure life without you, and partly that our children may know and love their good and beautiful mother's memory; but

mainly that the power of a loving influence when manifested by acts of loving kindness, may be known and perpetuated from generation to generation of our descendants. For it is that which will melt and warm the cold and cruel heart of man sooner or later, although he may still be in his wild and savage state; for like attracts like, therefore the overpowering love and kindness which some possess draws the little sparkling germ of divine love which *all* possess, into more activity, increasing its life, light, warmth and love, until it may become a flame which cannot be hid, but will burst out in acts of loving kindness.

"Even the wild beasts will succumb to the mighty power of a loving influence manifested by acts of kindness. O that there were more such cities set on hills, where they could not be hid! more such lights set on candle sticks that they might give light unto the world! more such salt scattered over the world to preserve it from selfishness! that the power of a loving influence might spread from heart to heart, filling each bosom with a desire to do at least some little good every day, and with gratitude for any chance to do

any great good that might come in the way of duty.

"Then, and not till then, shall the innocent be judged in righteousness. Then, and not till then, will the swords be beaten into plowshares, and the spears into pruning hooks, and nations learn war no more. Then, and not till then, shall the abundance that the earth bringeth forth be equally enjoyed by all, each having enough to satisfy every unselfish desire. Then, and not till then, shall the wolf dwell with the lamb, the leopard lie down with the kid, and the calf with the young lion. Then, and not till then, shall a little child be safe to lead them. Then, and not till then, shall the cow and the bear feed together, the lion eat straw like the ox,—instead of killing and devouring the beasts of the forest weaker than himself,—and the sucking child be safe among reptiles. Then, and not till then, shall the knowledge of the Lord, as well as his righteousness and love, cover the earth as the waters cover the deep. Then, and not till then, O our Father, shall thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven!"

ETERNAL LOVE.

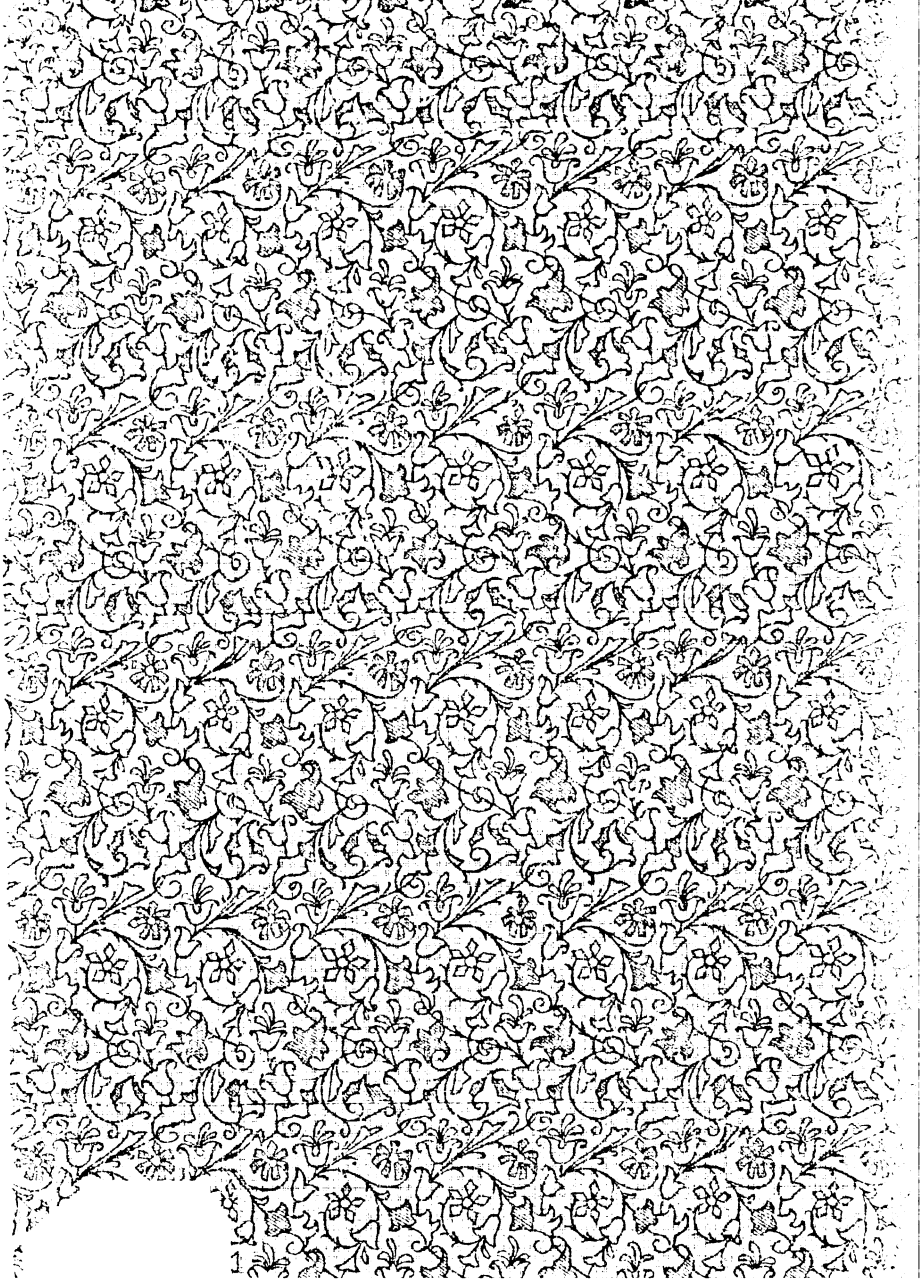
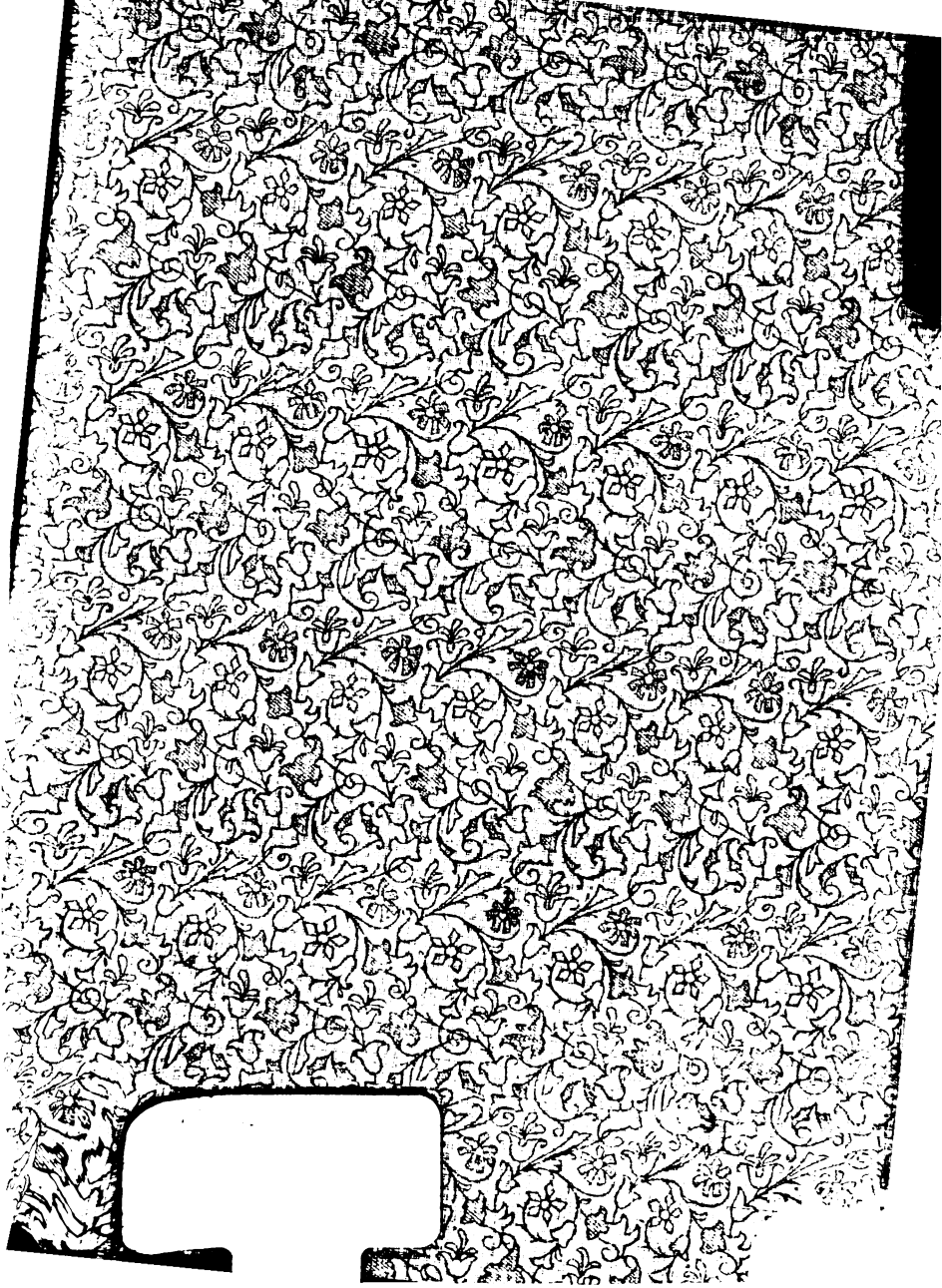
O Love! thy endless chain divine
  Encircles all mankind;
The links of love so brightly shine,
  In deeds of love enshrined.

Thy yearning sympathy so strong,
  Thy influence so pure,
Can draw the hardest heart along;
  Thy victory is sure

As His who on the cross was raised,
  To draw all men to Him,
So that God's mercy may be praised
  For love that ne'er grows dim.

It shines in self-denying hearts
  Upon this earthly place,
But brighter luster it imparts
  In heaven's eternal space.

THE END.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